"HOW I WENT ANGLING AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT."
BY H. W. DEWEES.
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"HOW I WENT ANGLING AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT."

BY H. W. DEWEES.

"I DO wish, Bob, you would get married!" cried my mother, impatiently, one day after she had endured my company a whole long summer morning.

The suggestion was by no means a new one, for I was five and thirty, and it had been iterated and reiterated, by all my family ever since I was twenty-five. I therefore regarded my mother's remark as the beginning of a kind of family ritual, and responded as usual,

"Why so, ma'am?"

"Because," she answered, shortly, deviating somewhat from the beaten track, "it's high time."

"Granted," said I.

"Yes," pursued my mother, "you're old enough, and you're rich enough, and you're clever enough; and why you don't get married I can't see. You would be much happier than you are idling about here, with nothing better to do than to follow an old woman about from cellar to pantry, putting your hands to every bit of mischief which 'Satan sends for idle hands to do'—and all for want of some sensible employment."

"Would petting a foolish wife be a sensible employment?" I asked, laughing.

"She need not be foolish."

"But the wise virgin will not have *me*, and *I* will not have a foolish one, and there is just my trouble."

"You are too modest by half," returned my mother, as she was leaving the room.

I pondered that last remark of my mother's. I thought it showed discernment and judgment, and wondered more people were not of her way of thinking. The melancholy general reflection that modest worth is almost sure to be underrated, threw me into a pensive and sentimental mood, and snatching up my hat and fishing tackle, I sauntered out for a reverie under cover of my favorite sport.

The subject of my late conversation continued to occupy my thoughts. The truth is, my mother was not more anxious to see me married than I was to be so. I had always regarded the married state as the happiest; my heart glowed as much as any man's ever did, at the picture my fancy drew of a loving family and happy home. But the mischief of it was, I could not find any one to please me. I did not consider myself, nor mean to be, over fastidious, but among all the flat, fluttering, furbelowed fine ladies I met in society, I found so little nature, so little goodness, so little heart, that I *could* not fall in love with them let me try as I would.

It was truly a lamentable case. Here was I, a really clever enough fellow—well to do in the world—considered, as I knew well enough, something of a catch—willing and anxious to be caught, and nobody skilful enough to do it. It was almost a parallel case with that of the poor pig in the nursery rhyme, which ran about the streets ready roasted, with a fork stuck in his side, crying, "Who'll eat me?—who'll eat me?"

Pondering this gloomy thought, I wandered on and on, quite beyond my usual bounds, and at last, rather tired, I clambered up a steep rock which overhung the brook I had been following, and sat down to rest.

It was a true summer scene—quiet and warm and bright—nicely shaded, however, where I lay, and the cool sound of the rippling water added just the only charm possible, where all was so charming.

I listened with delight; but in doing so became sensible that besides the regular monotonous babbling of the brooklet, there mingled other sounds of splashing water, which occurred at irregular intervals, and which seemed to proceed from below the rock on which I reclined. My curiosity led me to explore the mystery. I clambered quite to the top of the rock and looked down over its furthest edge.

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Cupid! god of love! how was I rewarded! The rock on the side over which I looked descended sheer some fifteen or twenty feet, when a projecting ledge formed a kind of natural seat, below which the water rippled. The spot was quite hung over and shaded by trees and thick shrubs. It was a complete sylvan grotto, and within it, as seemed most meet and fitting, was its nymph.

A young girl, apparently about sixteen, sat on the rocky ledge bathing her feet. Her attitude and occupation reminded me strongly of the pretty picture we have all seen in old-fashioned annuals of Dorothea—except that my little beauty was evidently gay and fresh and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

I could not make up my mind for a time to disturb so charming a scene, and therefore continued to gaze in silence from my lurking-place.

Ah! those dainty little white feet, with their pink tipped toes, which gleamed so fair through the clear water—or flashed for a moment above its surface flinging about the bright glittering drops, and then plunging again beneath the cool blue—never shall I forget them! The gracefully bent head with its bright golden curls and braids, against which now and then the sun glinted from a chink in the leafy screen—the lovely neck and arm—the cheek delicately tinted with pink, of which I now and then caught a glimpse, formed a picture more enchanting than anything I had ever imagined. More than all, the perfect innocence and modesty which accompanied all the movements of this second Susanna, (an unfortunate allusion by the way, but I scorn the idea that any one could connect me in thought with those rascally, peeping, sneaking elders) however as I was going to say, when I interrupted myself, the modesty of my sweet Diana charmed me even more than her beauty.

My heart of ice suddenly burst into a flame. "Heavens!" cried I to myself, as I felt it thumping against my side—"what is this new sensation? Bob B—— your hour is come. You're in love!"

At the moment I came to this conclusion, the float on my fishing line dropped at the feet of my charmer, and immediately—well I'm not going to lay before my confidential public an account of all my delicate and skilful manœuvring—enough, that within a half an hour I was seated socially by my water-fairy's side, trying to look as much like Neptune or Massaniello, or any other water-hero, I did not care which, as I could. I gave a sly tweek or two to my shirt-collar to make it lie down, sailor fashion; turned back my wristbands, and kept my hat carefully on, so that that one little spot on my crown which was growing thin, might not be observed, flattered myself I should do pretty well on my new role.

Nora, I soon discovered her sweet name, was most charmingly gay and chatty. No prudery, or thoughts of evil ruffled the current of her child-like, innocent thoughts. She was a careless child at play, glad of a playfellow.

I would have joyfully lingered for hours in that enchanted grotto; but ere long Nora rose, and sauntered forth. I followed; endeavoring to beguile the flowery way she led me as agreeably for her as the wolf did for Little Red Riding Hood; and while schemes, as deep laid and appropriate, though less blood-thirsty toward my innocent companion, formed themselves in my mind.

I was never in such spirits—I was charmed with myself in the novel character of wooer. The railroad rapidity with which my drama progressed excited me. In one short hour, I, the impregnable, the flinty-hearted, had not only fallen head over heels in love myself, but also, I flattered myself—but mum—of all things I hate a boaster.

However, as I have said I was in high spirits and excited, and among other nonsense ventured at last to say, laughingly,

"Do you know, sweet Nora, that I have been haunted by a singular presentiment ever since the moment I first caught a glimpse of you?"

"What is it?" asked she, smiling.

"That you will one day be my wife!" I exclaimed, with the bold emphasis of conviction and determination.

Nora burst into the merriest of laughs, and at the same moment turned into a little path which led down from the door of a rose-wreathed cottage. A young and handsome gentleman advanced hastily to meet us, and Nora with the demurest of mischievous smiles courtesied low, as she presented "her husband!" I saw the look of mingled coquetry, mischief, curiosity, which she stole at me from under her downcast lashes; I saw the difficulty she had to repress her merriment—I saw what a fool I had been making of myself, and I turned precipitately to fly. Nora's pent up laughter now burst forth; peal after peal rung on the air, and I heard my tormentor call after me,

"Pray, pray, sir angler, return, and I will show you my baby!"

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it's twenty years from that day to this; but I'm a bachelor yet, I suppose I always shall be; for I am as far off as ever from finding my ideal.

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I cannot say the adventure I have narrated had any very deep or lasting effect upon me—and yet it had though; for since that same summer afternoon I have never gone angling, and if ever I chance to see a silly girl paddling her feet in water, I run as if ten thousand were after me.

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THE TWO PICTURES.
BY MARY L. MEANY.
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THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

One might have travelled through all England without seeing a prettier, more home-like cottage than that in which dwelt the prosperous house-carpenter, George Mason, with his family, consisting of his blooming wife Fanny, and their two noble little boys of five and seven years. The snowy walls gleaming out here and there through clustering masses of foliage, the garden with its tiny beds and narrow walks always in trim order, the neat appearance alike of the family and their dwelling, all gave evidence of the young wife's taste and activity; as the plenty and comfort they enjoyed bore testimony to the husband's steady and industrious habits. Harmony and contentment reigned within that cheerful cottage, to which George had conducted his fair bride on the wedding day, and to which his feet were ever joyfully turned after his day's willing toil as the dearest spot on earth to his heart. Eight years had thus passed when trouble came suddenly upon the happy family.

George fell from the top of a building on which he was at work, and his injuries were so serious as to confine him for several months to the house; and when, on recovering, he eagerly sought for his customary employment the search was useless; times were changed, work was slack, money scarce, provisions dear, and George Mason was almost driven to despair; for not only had the money which close economy had enabled him gradually to lay by been spent during his long illness, but several small debts had unavoidably been contracted, so that in every way his situation was gloomy and harrassing. He was grieved, too, by the change in his family. Care and secret anxiety had worn away much of Fanny's first bloom; the little ones missed the gaiety which had characterized their parents, and lost a portion of the buoyancy that belongs to happy childhood.

One morning George left home immediately after breakfast, to seek his friend Alfred Lowe, from whom he was sure he could borrow a small sum, which on getting employment would be speedily repaid. It cost him a struggle to make the request, which to his astonishment was refused.

"The fact is, George," said his friend, "there no use in staying in England, we seem to be going behind-hand every year. I have made up my mind to emigrate."

"To emigrate!" repeated George, in surprise.

"Yes; we are going to Australia in the next ship. I intended to call at your house to-night, and urge you to go too. Now don't be so hasty," seeing that George shook his head, "think about it; talk it over with your wife, and you will soon agree, as we did, that it is the best thing to be done. Sell out and get ready for the voyage, and if you are short of funds I will cheerfully assist you, for I know that once in Australia we will all do well."

With a sadder heart than ever, George Mason turned his steps homeward, and detailed to his wife the result of his application to Lowe. Her pale cheek grew whiter at the mention of Australia, but he quickly reassured her by declaring that he had no idea of emigrating.

"No," he continued, "it must grow worse with us before we think of that. It is hard enough to have to remove to some of the neighboring towns, but I fear that we will have to do so. Winter will soon be here, and there seems no hope of a change for the better. And yet I cannot bear the thought of leaving our little place. Do you think you can leave it, Fanny?"

His mournful tone and look went to the wife's heart, and it was only by a strong effort that she could say with a tolerably composed voice,

"Any place would be home to me, George, with you and the little ones."

The husband was not deceived by her forced cheerfulness, and he sighed deeply as his eyes fell upon the children.

"Poor things!" he said, sadly, "they too will miss their home; they have been so happy and healthy hitherto they will feel a change all the more."

This allusion to the little ones overcame the mother's composure, but still struggling to keep back the rising tears, she smiled upon them as they came to her side with ready sympathy, bidding them go and play.

"Yes, run out and amuse yourselves, boys; the road is warm and sunny now," added the father, cheerfully, but the gloom again settled on his brow as he turned away, saying but half-aloud, "Make the best of your time, for God

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only knows what sort of a home you will soon find yourselves in."

The children left the room reluctantly, but once out on the road-side, in the warm sun and mellow air of autumn, the shadow passed from each buoyant spirit, and seeing near by some oyster-shells and pebbles, they were soon busy with their favorite amusement of making houses and grottoes.

"Robbie," said the eldest, suddenly, "don't you know the old pictures in the garret? wouldn't they make our house look pretty?"

"Oh, yes," replied little Robbie, eagerly, "but mamma wouldn't let us have them, would she?"

"Maybe she would. I'll run in and ask her, and do you take care of all the things."

Harry bounded into the house to make his request to his mother, who, with work-basket in hand, was about sitting down near the front window, whence she could cast an observing glance at the boys.

"You must be very careful of them, if I let you take them, Harry," she said, her momentary hesitation yielding to the child's eagerness, "for I have had the pictures a long time, and should be very sorry if anything would happen to them."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I will take such good care of them, and Robbie will be careful, too. Mayn't I get them, mamma?"

With a smile and caress she assented, and in a moment Harry was on his way to the garret, whence he soon returned with two old, unframed pictures. The mother watched him as he proceeded in triumph to his brother, who clapped his hands with delight at the sight of the coveted treasures; and in the midst of her trials it cheered her to have the power of giving them so much innocent happiness.

"Now, Robbie, we must be very, *very* careful, for mamma says she will be sorry if anything happens to these pictures," said Harry, as demolishing their previous work, they began anew their architectural efforts.

An hour passed. Fanny, as she was leaving the sitting-room to prepare the noontide meal, looked out with the intention of calling the children, but seeing them so intent on their play she concluded to give them a little while longer. After a time, a shrewd-looking Jew came up the road. Stopping at a convenient distance he surveyed the old paintings attentively, then apparently satisfied, approached nearer, and bending down began to praise the children's pretty work, finally offering them each a shilling for the pictures.

"We can't give them to you; they are not ours," replied Harry.

"Whose are they, then?"

"Mamma's, and she gave them to us to play with."

"But she does not care about them, or she would not give them to you for playthings. Where does she keep them?"

"In the garret among other old things," said the child.

"Then, of course, she has no use of them, and would rather you should take the money. See here!" and he drew from an old purse two crowns, "wouldn't you rather have this pretty money than the old pictures?"

Little Robert looked admiringly at the bright coins, but Harry stoutly resisted the temptation. "Mamma told me to take good care of the pictures, and so I will—nobody shall have them;" and he placed a tiny hand guardingly on each picture, while he looked anxiously toward his home.

"Is that your mother's house?" asked the old man, pointing to the cottage, and being answered that it was, he proceeded thither. His rap was answered by Fanny, to whom he stated that he had seen the pictures with which her children were playing, and as he had a fancy for old pictures, and such things, he would give a guinea for the two, if she would part with them. Mrs. Mason was about accepting his offer when something in his manner caused her to hesitate. Under the guise of indifference she thought he concealed a real anxiety to make the purchase, and her suspicions were confirmed when he at length raised his offer to thirty shillings, declaring at the same time that the pictures were not in themselves worth a shilling, but a desire of having his collection of old curiosities as large as possible led him to offer a large sum for any addition to it.

Fanny replied, that as the pictures had been given to her by a friend, and she had had them a long time, she would not like to part with them, but that perhaps she would make up her mind to sell them after consulting her husband, and if he thought it worth while he could call again. Without replying to this suggestion, the Jew finally departed. Fanny then called in the children, and her husband soon after coming to dinner, she related the circumstance.

"It seems to me you have rejected a good offer, Fanny," was his reply. "For my part, I think the two crowns he offered the boys a great price for the old daubs, though as I am no judge of the fine arts my opinion is worth nothing," he added, with a smile.

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"I should certainly have taken him at his word, if it had not occurred to me that we might dispose of them to more advantage."

"I doubt it very much. However, he will probably call again, and then you will know better how to act. Perhaps you can strike a better bargain; though unless you have a particular desire to keep them, I should advise you to let him have them at whatever price he offers. But where did you get them, Fanny? I have no remembrance of ever having seen them before."

"I had them long before I first saw you, George," replied his wife. "It is a long story, but if you want to know how they came into my possession, you must have patience.

"In my childhood, as you already know, I was a frequent visitor at the parsonage of my uncle, the vicar of A——. On one occasion, I had strolled out with my cousins, and two or three other little girls, and we walked along a road leading to a noble mansion in the vicinity, until being very tired and warm we sat down to rest and regale ourselves with the cakes my thoughtful aunt had supplied us with. While we were enjoying ourselves to the utmost of our desires, I chanced to look up the road toward a little hill at some distance, and saw a feeble old man toiling up the slight elevation, who seemed scarcely able to move even with the support of his stout walking-stick. I don't know what put the idea into my head, but remembering that a little spring of the coldest, clearest water gushed up on one side of the hill, I proposed to take our tin cup and go bring a drink to one of my cousins who was complaining of the heat. She was very glad of my offer, so taking the cup I started off, my head filled with vague feelings of pity for the feeble wayfarer, and desire to have a nearer view of him.

"I passed him, and going to the spring began to look about me as I filled my tin-cup, and at last turned my eyes, as if by chance, toward the object of my childish curiosity. Imagine my surprise when I found that the supposed old man, was one in the prime of life, with jetty locks and whiskers, and features of noble beauty and prepossessing expression, although sorrow and sickness seemed to have made him prematurely enfeebled. He reached the spring, and sat down upon the grass to rest. I took courage, as I was passing with my cup of water, to ask if he would like a drink. He took it with a sweet smile, thanking me in a tone so musical and at the same time so melancholy that it brought tears to my eyes. I saw that he was sick, and fancied he must be also in trouble. I filled my cup again, and took it to my cousin. As I was going again to the spring, I saw that the stranger, as I thought he must be, had bent his head upon his knees as if faint and exhausted; I went back, and getting our little basket which still contained a good many nice cakes offered them to him with no slight embarrassment. He was not offended, however, but accepted them readily, and as he ate he told me he had eaten nothing since the previous day. I was much distressed by this, and asked if he would not come with me to my uncle's, as dinner would be ready by the time we could get there, or if he would not, might I not bring him something, as aunt always cooked such nice things that a person could eat them no matter how sick they were, I added, fearing he would be offended at my offer.

"'No, my dear little girl,' he answered, a bright light coming to his large, black eyes, 'no, I cannot accept either of your kind proposals. I have told you what I would die rather than tell another, and from no one but yourself would I accept what I have; but you are a tender-hearted child, and I love you as I have not loved any one for years.'

"He spoke more to himself than to me, but I understood him and whispered that he would love my uncle and aunt too, if he would only go with me to see them, but he only shook his head mournfully as I continued my entreaties, and I ceased. But a bright thought occurred to me, and pausing only to ask if he would remain there much longer, to which he replied that he would not leave so pleasant a spot till toward sunset. I bade him good-bye, and rejoined my companions who were wondering at my long delay. After dinner, I told my uncle and aunt of my morning adventure, and requested the latter to give me the shillings and sixpences, (my carefully hoarded spending-money) which I had placed in her hands for safe keeping, until the time arrived for buying something to take home as a present to my mother. I knew that she would prefer my giving the money to the sick man, and I was sure that he would not refuse it from *me*.

"My good uncle smiled at my request, and would have added a crown to my little store, but I refused it, as I wished to be able to say the money was all my own. On reaching the spring, I found the invalid had fallen into a light slumber, so I seated myself noiselessly near to await his waking. Very soon he awoke, and smiled cheerfully when he perceived me at his side, and he chatted with me so long and kindly that I grew more at ease with him every moment. When I thought it was almost time to leave the

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spring I offered him my little gift. He was going to refuse it, but I put my arm coaxingly around his neck, and I felt his tears on my cheek as he kissed and blessed me.

"We left the spring together, and I accompanied him to his lodging, an upper room in an old, uncomfortable lodging-house. There was very little furniture, and that of the shabbiest kind I had ever seen. It grieved me to think of his living in such a place. I thought of our farm-house, humble and poor though it was, yet comfortable and cheerful, and wished he was there, but I did not like to tell him so; nor to remain long with him, for he seemed completely exhausted by walking, though it was not a great distance; so I took leave, promising to return the next day.

"I went accordingly the next day, and spent several hours with my new friend, who, I now learned, was an artist. There was something indescribably winning in his manners, and I listened to his every word with wrapt attention, and loved him as if he were an old and dear friend."

"Stop, stop, Fanny," interrupted her husband. "Do you know you are making me horribly jealous? And I always fancied that I was your first love, too."

"Don't jest, George; these reminiscences are very sad to me, and I am trying to give you a faithful description of my childish feelings for this gifted and unfortunate being. Let me go on in my own way. On this occasion I took courage to tell him what had been my thoughts the evening previous about his going to my own dear home. He smiled kindly as if gratified by my childish ardor, but would not accept my invitation. He told me how pleased he should be to be able to see my parents, how he felt sure he would love them if only on my account, but that he could not travel even that short distance; he had been a great traveller, but now he had only one more journey to make—that long journey which all must take once, to return no more. I looked at him in vague alarm; but he went on talking of his death as being very near, and I wept at the thought as if about losing one I had always known and loved. He caressed and soothed me tenderly, and when I had ceased weeping told me that he wished to paint my portrait, so that I could take it to my mother as a gift from him. He had not been able to paint anything for a long time, but he thought he could execute this, if I could come every day, and remain some time. I was overjoyed at the proposal, knowing what delight it would give mother, and feeling also that it would be a gratification to himself. However he was too unnerved by our previous conversation to commence the likeness, and though the next day, and the next, and every day to the one preceding his death, he made the effort with all the strength that an ardent desire could impart to his sinking frame, he could not succeed, and the work was never fairly begun. He was much grieved at his inability to accomplish the one thing which he had set his heart upon doing; and I was grieved too, though more for his disappointment than my own, and still more for his daily increasing languor, which, child as I was, I could not help noticing. That walk from the little spring on the first day of our acquaintance was his last walk, in this world. I took him various dainties that my aunt was skilled in preparing for the sick, and he received them gratefully, partaking of them with apparent relish, though more, I believe, to gratify me than for the care he had for them.

"One day on making my accustomed visit I found him worse than usual, and unable to rise from his miserable bed. He received me with his usual affection, though only able to utter a few words at long intervals. I sat beside the bed the whole afternoon giving him a spoonful of some refreshing drink occasionally: and I knew by the way he held my hand, and sometimes gently stroked back my hair, that my presence was a comfort to him. When at length I was obliged to go as it was getting late, he pointed to two old paintings which I had often observed, and in a feeble voice said he gave them to me—it was all he had to give, and he would perhaps be able to tell me something about them at another time. He asked me also to come early the next day, and to tell my uncle he would be pleased to see him at the same time. I was very glad to hear this, for at my uncle's request I had several times intimated to the sick man that he would be pleased to visit him if agreeable, but he had hitherto refrained from giving a decided answer.

"Early the next day we went, but alas! In the silence of night, in the gloomy solitude of that wretched room the artist had breathed his last. I wept bitterly over the cold remains, and uncle wiped away his starting tears as he looked on the calm face that still bore traces of lofty beauty, marred though it was by sorrow and disease. He reproached himself also for not having waived all ceremony and visited the dying man; but then he had not thought him so near his end, and knowing, from what he heard, that he did not wish his retirement intruded on, he had deemed it best to wait until his visits would be desired.

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"We learned from the keeper of the lodging house that the artist had hired the room nearly three months before, and that he had given his name as Clifford. An assured name uncle thought, but nothing farther could be ascertained, so uncle buried him in the village graveyard, and had accounts of him published in various papers; but nothing relating to his history was ever known.

"The succeeding week I returned home, carrying my legacy, the two old paintings. No one ever admired them, but though pronounced on all hands dirty, and shabby, and worthless, I always preserved them as mementos of the unfortunate dead. After we came here to live, in unpacking the things I brought with me from home, I brought to light the pictures which I had thought of getting framed for the sitting-room; but you ridiculed the idea, and I began to think that as you said they would prove but shabby adornments, so I put them away in the garret, where they remained in safety undisturbed till the children thought of them to-day, and wanted them for their play-house, and as we all seem to have little pleasure these times I could not deny their request. Now you have the whole history of my poor pictures, which you thought scarce worthy of a glance when I spoke to you of them years ago."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Fan, I don't think them worth a second glance now, so far as their beauty goes, for they are poor, dingy-looking things. Owing to association, however, they doubtless look better in your eyes."

"I have an idea, however, that they may be valuable in themselves, and perhaps that was what the poor artist intended to tell me," said the sanguine Fanny. "At any rate it can do no harm to inquire. There is our doctor, very likely he may be able to tell something about their merits—suppose you go to his office this afternoon, George, and ask him about them."

"Well, yes, I will go, for as you say he is probably a judge of such things; if he is not, I know of no one else about here that is."

Accordingly Mason took the pictures to Dr. Lambert, who was a man of cultivated taste, and after a very slight inspection gave it as his opinion that they were of value. He advised George, however, to go to London with them, which he did the next day, bearing a letter from the doctor to a gentleman in that city, who pronounced the paintings works of one of the old masters, and offered to give fourteen hundred pounds for the pair. George, bewildered as he was by such good fortune, gladly accepted the offer, and turned homeward with a joyful heart, though still puzzled as to the great value of the shabby, old pictures! The rapturous joy of the whole family as he related the wonderful news who cannot imagine? But in the midst of her rejoicing and pious gratitude, the gentle Fanny shed tears to the memory of the unknown artist.

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ISABEL MONTCLAIR'S FAULT.
BY LALLA ELMWOOD.
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ISABEL MONTCLAIR'S FAULT.

BY LALLA ELMWOOD.

EARLY one bright and beautiful May morning, when the dew-drops still lingered on the flowers, Isabel Montclair stood at the altar, and tremblingly pronounced the solemn marriage vow which linked her destiny with that of Edward Howard's. Beautiful indeed she was, with her raven tresses floating around her snow white shoulders. But her cheeks, which a few weeks since rivalled the rose in their hue, now as pale as parian marble. The warm congratulations of her friends were unheeded by her. For the first time, she thought of the fatal step she had taken. She felt as if she had committed a sin in vowing to love and honor him who stood beside her, when her heart and affections were irrecoverably another's, though *he* deserved them not.

"Here is a bouquet my friend requested me to present to the bride," said a light-haired youth. He bent his curly head toward Isabel, whispered something, and was gone. A crimson flush stole over Isabel's pale, sad face for a moment, but it quickly fled, leaving her paler than ever.

When alone she examined the flowers, and a note dropped to the floor from among them. She hastily picked it up and read—

"Farewell to hope, love, and life, but not to thee. I leave forever my native land for Italy. May you always be as happy as you are now is the prayer of your heart-broken VERNON."

Alas! he did not know the heart he had won, or that an enemy had whispered a few words of fearful import to the credulous Isabel. She believed them, and one evening, when the high-souled artist was standing in the door of his studio looking up at the silvery moon above him, and thinking only of love and Isabel, a servant handed him a package containing his letters and miniature, with the request that he must never see her again. At first he deemed it but a stratagem to try his love; and sought an explanation. But in vain, for none was given. Then rumor came that she was about to be married. On that day, which crushed his hopes of happiness forever, he sent her a bouquet of sweet scented flowers, which told her she was still beloved by him.

Five years passed. Isabel had learned to love Edward for his kindness to her, yet she felt she could not appreciate him justly, until she saw the light go out from his dark eyes and his cheek grow paler, and noticed that he met the king of terrors with the resignation of a true Christian. Then when she listened to his sad farewell, and felt for the last time his kiss upon her brow, she realized how desolate she would be without him. Her father had been called home a few weeks before, and she was alone in the world.

The crimson sunlight, with its golden beams came stealing into the boudoir where Isabel was seated. She held a withered bouquet in her hands, and tears were in her deep blue eyes. That morning she had learned that Claude was innocent. Yes, Grace Gordon had confessed on her dying bed her only falsehood, and asked forgiveness. It was readily granted, for Isabel could not but pity her, when she said, "I loved him, I knew you were credulous; and that was the stratagem I took to separate you, for I thought I could win his love. Since then I have never known one happy moment."

It had been a glorious Indian summer day, with its bland air, and hazy light, falling so peacefully on the heart, when Isabel Howard and her husband's niece, Fanny, drove up to Mr. Leon's mansion in Italy, where they were warmly welcomed by the family.

Fanny thought they stared at aunt Bell rather singularly as she introduced her to her husband's relatives. Perhaps it was because they were struck with so much beauty. She declared aunty was more beautiful than ever. But she did not know why the bloom of health was coming again to Isabel's cheek. Fanny's curiosity was gratified, when her little cousin Ida came in, and threw her arms around her cousin Bell's neck, and said, "I know I'll love you, for you are so much like Mr. Vernon's beautiful portrait he has hanging in his studio. Father do not you think so?" "Yes, Ida, dear, and to satisfy you, and to make an apology to your cousin for staring at her so rudely, we will go into Vernon's little studio." Strange emotions sprang up in the bosom of Isabel, as she gazed at the portrait.

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Her heart told her the owner must be the one she had wronged so long in thought; and now perchance she might see him and all would be forgiven.

It was a glorious night, such as is seen only beneath an Italian sky. The moon shone with its soft mellow light, peculiar to the clime. Isabel was gazing at the beautiful heavens above her, her mind wandering far back over the past. Another too was gazing with his midnight eyes at the same scene. He also was thinking of the past, his first and only grief. "It was on such a night as this," he murmured, "she pledged her love to me, and on such a night as this my hopes were crushed." Isabel heard the murmured words of the stranger. She heaved a deep sigh, and when he looked at the apparition before him, he stretched his arms forward to clasp her to his heart. Simultaneously she sprang forward with the words, "Forgive, oh, forgive me, Claude, I have always loved you."

His heart was still true to its first love, and when explanations were given, he clasped her again to his heart, and whispered, "Bell, you will yet be mine, the past will be forgotten in the bright future." "And you," she replied, "you will forgive me, Claude, and will love me as of old?" "Yes, willingly." "Ah! I am so happy," she murmured. She need not have said so, he knew it from the expression of her love-lit eyes.

"Look, look cousin Fanny at Mr. Vernon. He is gazing as earnestly at cousin Bell as he used to at that portrait in his studio." "I wonder who introduced them," said Fanny. The mystery was soon solved, and when Isabel Howard returned to her native land, her artist lover accompanied her. Once more she stood at the altar, and pronounced the solemn marriage vow, and it was unfalteringly this time. She was cured forever of the fault of being "too credulous."

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KALADORA ANDROS;: OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT. PART I.
BY JOHN QUINOY TRUAX.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Sep 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 162

KALADORA ANDROS;

OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY JOHN QUINOY TRUAX.

PART I.

THE boudoir was a fair room! With a projecting window, embowered in rich curtains, looking out upon the most bewilderingly beautiful garden on Manhattan Island; a carpet whose single pattern was a vast, gorgeous pile of oriental flowers, from among whose glowing colors peeped out a serpent with "arrowy tongue elancee;" a carved escritoire of African woods, with curious ivory and ebony inlayings; a shelf of choice poetical works in maroon-colored bindings; a guitar lying upon a velvet-colored couch; drawing materials and an unfinished sketch upon a slender little table near the window; the room was worthy of a queen. Stay—there was one other noticeable point. The ceiling was vaulted and under-arched with graceful ribs and intermingling pale blue and silvered braces and slender curved beams, that united in one beautiful pendant in the middle, a drooping, heavy mass, also of flowers, carved with wondrous skill, to represent the freshness, and fulness, and dew-laden bending of flowers still weighted with rain.

A very beautiful little room! Yet not so beautiful as Flora Meriam, the rich man's daughter, who sat there in deep musing. Her thoughts ran somewhat on this wise. Let it, however, be remembered that the freedom of her speech is that of one thinking to herself; and not of one conversing with others. Aloud she would never have spoken so; hardly would she have confessed to herself whither her meditations tended. But thus she thought.

"I am weary and disgusted. Let me count over my pleasures. Riches, youth, beauty, accomplishments, talents. That ought to be enough. Yet I am alone—and unhappy. I have enjoyed the approbation of the wise—would they have given it if they had known whom they were praising? Would those critiques have spoken as well of my articles if they had known that a girl wrote them—or of the poems? It is pleasant, doubtless, to speak in secrecy and to be praised in public to one's self by unknowing admirers—but I am tired of enjoying it all alone. The girls say I am too sarcastic and too wise for them, and so I have lost almost all my school friends; and besides, if I should seek to impart to them the thoughts which I dare publish only under the shadow of a stolon name, they would not know nor partake them.

"The young men? Father said I might marry anybody I chose—dear father! But whom? There's Walter Seymour—he has money enough—but he has not wisdom enough. He said that Liz West and Henry Thompson were 'laboring under a mutual engagement!' There's rich man's English for you! And how many more are there who have no more wisdom, and no money! Odious fellows that shut their eyes and stick up their noses and smile like Stuart's pale syrup! Dear me! And with those dim-hued moustaches too. I wonder if faint hearts make faint-colored hair? And there's my old friend Mr. Legge—only think! maroon-colored whiskers and hair to match! And it fades monthly, like the moon, and then comes suddenly out again as bright as a red poppy! I spied four stiff, grey hairs, too, behind his left ear. How he would have grumbled if he had known how curiously I surveyed them, and moralized upon them and him while he talked with fast Mrs. Dyott! Then their conversation is so unsatisfactory. The old gentlemen talk about money, and the young ones about money and horses—and a little about books, to be sure. But if I should talk to them from my soul; if I should earnestly speak to them of the truths of life, and its duties and power, and the possible nobility and beauty and rapturous delight of life, would they understand me? They are empty; or they are silly; or they are mercenary; or they are vile. It would be a noble and delicious thing to find a true and worthy man, would it not? And if I could lead him to love me? Seekers find. I know what I'll do. I'll advertise for a husband. Pshaw! how the word sounds! I won't!"

She sprang up and went to the window; turned to the harp; played a few wandering chords; arose and sat down at her writing-desk.

"Mr. Willis wanted me to write something more for the Home Journal. I'll send him a letter and see what answer I'll get. He'll keep my secret, at any rate, because he don't know it."

So she wrote a letter, in a disguised hand, to

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prevent disagreeable possibilities, and sent it. We extract it from the Home Journal, (where anybody who looks where it is can find it) with prefatory remarks by the editor as follows:

"The letter hereunder is from an unknown correspondent and contributor, heretofore a welcome friend in black and white. Unknown, we know; fair, the delicate and clear handwriting binds us to presume. The thoughts and aspirations must needs, we think, provoke a sympathetic reply from some soulful bachelor, if there is any such who is not, like the best western lands, 'covered with pre-emptions.'"

"The Blue Distance, ——, 18—.

"My Dear Mr. Willis—You have so overpraised the poor literary efforts which I have submitted to you, that now you have even won my confidence; I am going to entrust to you, for that most secret-worthy and reticent person, the public, a secret or two which perhaps prudes may call me bold for mentioning even. I wish to describe myself and my 'havings;' and to make my letter the vehicle for an advertisement without paying for it. But if, on consideration, you think it ought to be paid for, send your bill at once to 'The Blue Distance,' and you shall have the money as soon as it arrives.

"I am just twenty; a handsome brunette; studious, accomplished, conversable and witty; even-tempered, affectionate; strong and healthy. That short description, which I assure you is entirely unbiased, will be as good as one of Brady's daguerreotypes for you. There is one other trifling circumstance, viz: I am rich, in my own right, and otherwise.

"Now, Mr. Willis, in spite of it all, and of my music, my pictures, my reading and study, I am very uncomfortable whenever I sit down by myself to have a 'think.' For, being by Lord Bacon's definition, 'a being looking before and after'—or is it Milton's? I have contracted a habit of looking before. I agonize, almost, to see into my future life. What is my portion to be?

"I am no prude, nor am I bold, Mr. Willis. But merely in plain truth, and as speaking of what is in fact a most important matter to both men and women, I tell you that I would willingly ensure to myself a noble and beloved husband. I don't exactly like that last word; it savors of marketing and Irish servant girls and hash for breakfast: but perhaps it is as good as another. I do think it is a question that much concerns my future life—what partner will go with me through the wilderness of this world? Suitors there are, and more than enough. And of such suitors, what young lady with beauty and riches has ever escaped the sad infliction? Mr. A., with vanity, small-talk, poverty and emptiness; Mr. B., with emptiness, poverty, vanity and small-talk; Mr. C., with small-talk, emptiness, poverty and vanity. All with all; each with some bad pre-eminence of one. And so I might go on to enumerate dozens. All vain, all foolish, all ignorant, all lazy. They are ineffably mean; insomuch even that they can desire to live on the property of a wife, to save themselves the hated duty of labor. They are so silly as to imagine that their motives are inscrutable—the pitiful things! I wish they might read this description, and recognize it, and fly away from its omen; for they vex me.

"And what is worse, I see that by the mere fact of my wealth, I am disenabled to attract noble men to me. I confess to you that I have twice exerted all my little powers of pleasing, to try what my influence might be over men whom I respected and admired. But although I thought—and with keen pleasure—that they were delighted with me, they have never spoken to me from that time forward. They acted as if they took it for granted that a rich woman could have no thought for poor men, except to use them for sport. I seem to be a modern Armida to chivalrous souls. And as for noble, rich men—it is the dreadful fate of Young America to be furnished with such antecedents and contemporaneities that riches and nobility are to them impossible. Old men, who have earned their own money, are possibly noble. Such I might name to you. But I know no young American man, both rich and noble.

"I am no Bloomerist, nor manish person to usurp men's places. I am not inclined to wrench myself disgracefully out of my proper sphere, to relieve what I may imagine social evils. But yet I cannot help feeling it an enormous evil, that merely because I have money I must marry a fool. I will not. I had rather be the sourest old maid that ever spoiled milk or comfort. Yet I cannot get out of my enchanted ring. Money-hunting ninnies encircle me; and hunt after my money, although it is burdened with me. Men with souls leave me alone. Those whom I despise I must endure; those whom I admire I cannot reach. Yet I am well able—I do not fear the imputation of vanity in saying so—to commune, at least as a learner, with any, even the very noblest and wisest of human beings. Not that I am so noble or so wise—but that I desire to be.

"This being the case, I will conclude with the following advertisement, by way of setting a

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little taper, for augury, afloat on a great and dark flood. I hope for nothing better than its speedy extinction, and the falling back upon me of the clouds of solitude and folly. Yet let it go.

"A YOUNG LADY, handsome, healthy, wealthy, accomplished and sensible, desires to make the acquaintance of a young GENTLEMAN. Persons answering that description may, if they choose, answer this advertisement.

KALADORA ANDROS."

The letter appeared as above mentioned. The next number of the Journal in due season also appeared. Miss Meriam opened its damp leaves with a queer sensation of embarrassment, as if somebody must of course have answered her epistle; neither could she relieve herself from a sort of mortification, arising from an involuntary conviction that her presumed unknown correspondent had by some secret means become possessed of the truth as to her own name and place. In such a frame of mind she hesitated before seeking the reply, and was partly relieved, but in truth more disappointed at not finding any. She had not really expected, but yet had wished an answer. She waited another week, actually worried that her letter should attract no notice. Yet she was ashamed and angry at her worrying too. But it seemed as if she must positively have *some* termination for her adventure. It was no matter at all, of course, about any particular individual. To the actual appearance of a real "young gentleman," Miss Flora was supremely indifferent. But having condescended to enter into such an undertaking, it would be most inglorious to prove unable to evoke an answer from anybody, either in earnest or in joke.

But at the end of the next week an answer came. It was as follows:

"MISS ANDROS—I do not know whether you are really a young lady, or a veil for the epistolary talent of either of the editors of the Journal. In either event, I answer, not your personality, but your sentiments.

"The trouble you are in, viz., the superabundance of the foolish, and the inaccessibility of the wise, is merely an individual instance under a general rule. For the general rule is that wealthy women will be sought by despicable young men for their money, and avoided, that is, as wives, by honorable young men, lest they be thought to seek their money. If you are what you say, God pity you, for your horoscope must almost surely be a dark one.

"For suppose that A. You marry a fool. Then he spends your money, neglects you, and ruins both you and himself, for himself he knows no better than to ruin—so far as he can be said to be ruined—with the indulgences which money can give him, and which he knows too little to resist; and you he ruins, if not positively, yet comparatively, because he is such a fatal burden to you. For if you would rise in intellect or soul, you must do it under the discouraging weight of a senseless thing that knows not nor cares for your aspirations, and drags you ever downward by mere inertia of its own, by the saddening consciousness that you might perhaps have had a friend and sympathiser instead, and by the terrible clog of sorrow.

"Or B. You remain an old maid. If irreligious, you are a seared and soured old stick, sapless, sorrowful, without a tendril of love or affection clasped from your own heart to another's, or from another's to yours; with every offer of warm love either suicidally counteracted by some unrepressed fault of your own, or pitilessly jammed back upon you, as the diabolical sheriff in the old story jammed back the tortured victim's tongue into his miserable mouth with a stick.

"There is, to be sure, a third supposition, viz., that you find one worthy of you, and marry him. But of that the chances are so infinitesimally few, that I shall not discuss the prospect or the results.

"But, it may be said that all this is not germain to the matter. An agreeable acquaintance was sought, and here I have sent a Jeremiad instead.

"Out of sorrow cometh joy. I might, nevertheless, be a pleasant acquaintance. I think I answer the description in the advertisement. Therefore, if you wish to see me, you can see me.

UNSTEADY."

A short editorial afterpiece read as follows:

"The above answer, the only one of any significance, out of a dozen which we have received, contains a sealed note, addressed to Kaladora Andros. This, upon an intimation from that incognita, we will forward, in all secrecy, to her order."

All this Flora Meriam read in the beautiful boudoir, as if in a dream. She read it again. There was nothing in it but calm and sad vaticination. It read as if written by some philosophic or misanthropic man, answering her to divert some sorrow of his own by discussing that of another. There was no sympathy, no joy. And the deliberate proffer of acquaintance —should she send for the note? This would

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evidently contain the name of the gloomy respondent.

Now that an opportunity of bringing a tangible, actual result from her impulsive experiment offered itself, she shrunk with fear from deciding it. Like the old witch in the Bible, she feared to see what she had called up. She determined not to send for the note, and worked all the rest of the day upon drawing and German.

So she did for a day or two longer; but the unknown correspondent plagued her constantly. He had gradually assumed in her mind a distinct form, evolved from the opinions which she had based upon the sober character of the letter. She was haunted, therefore, by a notion of an upright, pale young man, with a face overspread with clouds of gloomy musing; dressed in a black suit, with speckless gloves, collar and wristbands, and a white cravat. Not a very pleasant companion. Yet the persevering phantom even intruded himself once into her dreams. And, next Sabbath, when a young divinity student officiated in the stead of her beloved pastor—the poor fellow *must* begin somewhere—she was struck, upon seeing him stalk up the aisle and the pulpit steps with a vague fear lest he might be the man, and might recognize her by the consciousness in her face. So she studied the hymn-book until the sermon, and was relieved by the twang and inanity of the young gentleman's verbose and bare-boned dogmatics and polemics. The gloomy correspondent would at least have preached thoughts.

Miss Meriam, in sheer vexation that she was no more mistress of her own mind, and determined to relieve herself in some way, wrote two notes, on Monday morning; one to the editor, signed K. Andros, requesting him to send the note to "Care of Miss Mary Sands, Boston;" and another to the said Miss Sands, who was a former schoolmate, requesting her to forward any note so directed, to herself, Flora Meriam, and to say nothing about it. In due time the note arrived—a not very extraordinary note, in a plain envelope—and was opened by Miss Meriam, not without some trepidation. She found only these words, dated the day after the publication of her letter:

"If you attend the evening lecture at the Tabernacle, four weeks from to day, you will see me. UNSTEADY."

Unsteady? What a vague, uncomfortable name! And of evil omen in respect to the person assuming it. Unsteady how? And how was she to see him? Was he to appear as a cloaked myth, besetting the door? Or as a wild enthusiast, springing up in the midst of the audience, with crazy interruptions of the speaker? Perhaps he was to speak.

She examined the dailies for a few days last past. A well-known lecturer was announced to speak at the Tabernacle on the evening mentioned in the note, one week from the day of its receipt—a minister of great reputation, and beyond middle age. He must needs be the man. The sober tone of the letter in the newspaper was appropriate enough, from a clergyman, though the personal information in the note just received seemed from him superfluous and useless. Yet that appeared the most probable solution of the puzzle, and although she had heard Dr. A—— before, she determined to attend the meeting that evening, if only to observe whether he would allude to his secret yet public correspondent.

Upon the appointed evening, Miss Meriam entered the Tabernacle in good season, and having selected a front seat near the upper end of one of the galleries, awaited the address, and examined the audience. All sorts of people came in, in great streams, which gradually diverged away through aisles and seats, as rivers waste themselves in sandy deserts. Old people, young people and dandies; well-dressed, ill-dressed, and dressed in no particular way; handsome, ugly, and indiscriminate, filed in by hundreds and settled quietly into their places, while Miss Meriam watched them. But she saw no one whom she could select as her correspondent, though many bold-faced and inane fellows stared rudely up at her, in admiration or curiosity.

At last two gentlemen entered the pulpit, both tall and straight; one grey-haired, yet strong, the other young, slender and active.

When the hour for the address had arrived, the old man, Dr. A——, arose and stated with some little difficulty, that owing to an attack of a bronchial disorder within three days, he had been compelled to substitute a comparative stranger, Thomas Bemis, Esq., for himself. He added that his proxy, he was convinced, would more than supply his own place; for that he had already no contemptible reputation as a speaker and thinker; and he trusted, he said, that since the change had been advertised, no disappointment would be felt.

Mr. Bemis then arose, and was received by the audience, either in welcome or indulgence, with considerable applause. His personal appearance was much to his advantage. He was

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tall and straight, as we said. His features were noble, his head handsome, and embowered in great abundance of closely curling brown hair. Blue eyes, large and deep-set, and a straight nose, were the most striking of his features, which is as it should be; it is for women to have beautiful mouths. His address, which lasted more than an hour, and was received with very great satisfaction, contained not one single word or thought which Miss Meriam could interpret as referring to the letters in the Journal.

The lecture, as lectures should be, was rather rhetorical than logical *in effect;* yet in truth the rhetorical ornamentation hung like wreaths of flowers around the iron chain of the argument underneath. The speaker showed the utility of beauty by many deductions from facts within the observation of all; but we cannot even give a synopsis of his thoughts. The great crowd sat in deep silence beneath the magic music of his voice, the sudden beauty of his startling thoughts, the bright gleams of his eye. At one point and another where a climax of noble thoughts lifted all the audience upon the lofty path of the orator, Flora Meriam could not help laughing at the utter self-abandonment of some, who followed him with open mouth and breath suspended, and fell back with a sigh of pleasure as the last crowning thought was placed. She laughed, even though the tears of sympathy and admiration stood in her eyes. As the lecturer ended, a moment's silence held the great hall; and then a storm of stunning applause went up, bursting out and rolling on with the power, as it seemed, of a thunder-clap. Deafened by the roar and half-choked with the dust, but with a heart all throbbing to the lovely truths which she had heard, Mrs. Meriam with difficulty and by patient and careful progress regained her carriage and departed home, with a sort of resolution to believe that she *had* seen her newspaper correspondent, although she could not resist a conviction that she only thought so because she wanted to think so.

But her voyage of discovery had not been successful. Suppose she *had* seen him? As she reclined wearily upon her magnificently upholstered cushions, she speculated with infinite dissatisfaction upon her dilemma. Either she had seen him or she had not. If yea, how should she find out who he was? If no, evidently there was no better prospect of it. There seemed no possible way of pursuing the acquaintance—if such it might be called—further, except by further advertising, and naming some rendezvous, or address for letters; neither of which could she bring herself to attempt. So she resumed her usual avocations of study and company-keeping in huge displeasure; partly at herself for going as far even as she had done, but more at the indefinite results of her advances. Thus she lived for some time, haunted at intervals by the remembrance of the unknown, whose phantom had now exchanged his grim ultra-clerical exterior for the citizenly one of T. Bemis, Esq.; and driving vigorously through music practise, talking, reading and parties, she strove to get away from her foolish fancy.

She had perhaps partly succeeded, when lo! all her returning comfort was instantaneously dissipated into the same whirling clouds of perplexity which had plagued her so much, by the sudden appearance, at an evening party near Union Square, of T. Bemis, Esq., whom she discovered standing quietly by himself, listening to the seraphic strains which Miss Ermengarde De Freese was pouring forth with piano accompaniment. He seemed much delighted in particular at the refrain of a *Tyrolien*, which Miss De Freese terminated with a small, dry squeal afar up in the north-east corner of her head, thus:

ee!"
/
la
la

"Oh, where is my hunter boy? Tra

Miss Meriam was perplexed. What should she do? Somehow it seemed as if he would certainly see her and read her thoughts. She suddenly ceased talking, and appeared so embarrassed that the daughter of the house, upon whose birth-night the party was given, and with whom she had been conversing rapidly and merrily, asked if she were ill; offered her *viniagrette;* suggested stepping up stairs and lying down a little while; was very solicitous. But Flora declined all these little attentions, and only stepped out upon a balcony a moment for fresh air. Here she mustered her courage, and indulged in keen reproaches at herself for her folly. Was she a city beauty of such pretensions to wit and intellect, to be discomfited by the mere sight of a slender man whom she had never seen but once, who had never seen her, and between whom and herself not one word had passed? That she, who had transpierced so many with a repartee or a look, should wither before a conqueror who did not even seen her? How abominable! She would procure Mr. Bemis to be introduced to her, for the mere purpose of immolating him upon the altar of her self-respect; as barbarians steal strangers to sacrifice to their gods. She would even demonstrate a superfluity of self-con-

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trol, by skilfully talking round and round the riddle with which she had been playing, in such a way as to puzzle her wretched victim in case he *should* know what she meant, with evidence of a knowledge whose extent she would hide. And having made fun of him, and worried him to her proud heart's content, she would leave him—to perish, if he liked.

So Miss Meriam, armed in double beauty, namely, that which was properly her own, and also that which the excitement of her two resolutions, to please and to destroy, caused to sparkle in her eyes, to glow upon her cheek, to evaporate from the accelerated vitality of her perfect health and intensified mental action, re-entered the gay saloons with direful intent.

She mingled again with the laughing talkers; passed from group to group, rejoined her friend, the young hostess, looking by accident (of course) about the room in the course of conversation, saw a tall young man with deep-set blue eyes, and a Grecian nose and curly hair; inquired his name, was told that he is Mr. Bemis, a teacher in Ward School, No. 35, and measurably a literary man, having had "a success" at the Tabernacle some little time since. So she takes a sudden fancy to know him, is gratified, and having been named to him, and he to her, there is an opportunity to open her attack.

Somehow or other the machinery does not operate. She had thought of so many witty things—where are they all gone? Surely it is not one steady look from two great, deep, blue eyes, a single bow, one remark, in a deep, grave voice, to the effect that the speaker is delighted to become an acquaintance of Miss Meriam—it is not those insignificant things which can disconcert her? Why no—and with a rapid rush of anger at the capability of being disconcerted at all, the beauty is herself again, and speaks without indulging in the customary meteorological preliminaries.

She complimented Mr. Bemis upon his brilliant address at the Tabernacle, with the addition that she was present at its delivery, and, she added, with a significant look, by special invitation. The look was wasted, Mr. Bemis was flattered, he said, quietly, that he was pleased. But he did not seem at all conscious that any special invitations had been given out upon the occasion.

One dart blunted.

This about a special invitation must evidently seem rather flat, thought Miss Flora, and she was mortified.

She was very curious, she said, in autography; having a pretty extensive collection of specimens; and she was busy in forming a theory as to the relation between character and handwriting; would Mr. Bemis favor her?

He would, with the utmost pleasure; and he executed a signature with great rapidity and freedom upon a blank card.

"Thomas Bemis, New York city." A bold, square, yet rapid hand, very different from the finical and delicate manuscript of the note. Neither did he seem fearful of risking any disclosures which might arise from the possession of his writing by a stranger.

Two darts blunted.

What a talkative, bold thing he must think me, she reflected; and was mortified again a little more. She began to feel acrid. But controlling herself she tried again; and volunteered some remark about the last *prima donna* in Italian Opera. Looking at her companion while speaking, she perceived that his eyes wandered about the room; and she stopped suddenly, extremely provoked—indeed, rather more so, perhaps, than she would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Mr. Bemis blushed and offered an apology. Said he,

"I am a bit of a physiognomist. Everybody has some hobby, you know. And just now I was most earnestly engaged in studying every face I could see for a special purpose. I am so little in company that my student habits remain with me yet; and it was in a manner involuntarily that I was so neglected and rude. May I hope for excuse? I could not have a more competent teacher of whom to learn my new lesson for company," continued he, as he bent his deep eyes again earnestly upon Flora, seeming to see, for the first time, that she was very lovely—and he smiled and blushed slightly again. "Nor a more welcome one," he added.

Blushing in her turn at the light which seemed to spring up and glow in his eyes as he looked and spoke, and at the curious mixture of inexperience and self-possession in his manner, she answered, looking upon the floor, for she could not quite face his gaze,

"Undoubtedly: nobody is so excusable as a hobby-horseman; since you have confessed yourself to be one of the tribe. I am one myself—or rather a hobby-horsewoman; but I have always wished to manage more than one steed. I cherish the unwomanly desire of singly controlling a four-in-hand team, at least something like the 'Jordian Acrobat' in the ballad.

"What is it?" asked Bemis, with interest, "I don't remember it."

She quoted from "Bon Gaultier."

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"Never on a single charger rides that
Stout and stalwart Moor—
Five, beneath his stride so stately bear him
O'er the trembling floor."

She added also, "I don't emulate the erect position of Mr. Acrobat, but only his plurality of Arab steeds. But, Mr. Bemis, if you will not think me too inquisitive, I want very much to ask what is the physiognomic quest in which you were so absorbed."

"Do you know anybody named Kaladora Andros?" asked he, abruptly, and looking straight and steadily at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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MISER-LINES.: PART FIRST.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Sep 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 171

MISER-LINES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

PART FIRST.

"HARRY, I never before had to ask so many times for a necessary article. I do believe you are growing stingy. Come, look in my face, let me see if there are miser-lines on your cheeks. Do you know I had an uncle once who was a miser? He was rich enough to buy all Philadelphia, they say, I never saw him, and I'm sure none of his money never came to me. It all went to benevolent societies, queer, wasn't it? But I remember the description a younger cousin used to give of him, and she said he had two deep, long lines on either cheek, running from the root of the nose round to the chin. She told it in such a ludicrous manner that it always made me laugh, as it was a peculiarity I called them miser-lines. Let me look at you; no, your cheeks are smooth almost as my own; there never will be a miser-line there, I know. But here are two, faint, very faint wrinkles on this open brow. It looks ominous," continued the gay, young wife, laughingly shaking her head. "I wonder what it means; I think you apply yourself too steadily to business."

Young Maitland hardly replied to this gay speech of his beautiful wife, but turning listlessly from his paper, leaned his head upon his hand.

"Charles," cried Annie, laughing a little, "that old uncle, you know. Well, Fred and Charley—you know cousins Fred and Charley, they've both got something to remember him by. Now don't go to sleep while I tell you, fix your bright eyes right on mine and don't ever wink. They knew as everybody else did, I suppose, that uncle 'Siah was immensely rich."

"You know," put in Harry, smiling a little.

"There it *is* provoking that I can't break myself of that foolish thing; I can't think when it became a habit; but—you know——"

She paused, blushed, and with slightly petulant manner that was quite becoming in her, cried, "I *will* conquer it," and proceeded to tell her story, which, by-the-way, Harry looked for quite impatiently.

"Well, one day uncle 'Siah came from Indiana to visit aunt Henry, and the boys, Fred and Charley, tried in every way to please the old gentleman, partly on account of his age, but 'most partly,' as little sis says, on account of their pockets—you——, there I didn't say it, did I? Uncle 'Siah seemed quite attracted by their quiet and self-denying habits, and the attention the rattle-brains showed him; so the day before he was to return home, he said to them, 'boys, after dinner come in the library; I want to give you something as you have been such good little fellows since I have been here.' You may just imagine how red their cheeks grew, directly, and what visions of splendor floated before their eyes. Fred says he remembers that he looked confidently for fifty dollars, though he modestly hinted to Charley it might be only ten, and on the strength of their expectations, they both got trusted at a neighboring toy-shop to the amount of a whole dollar."

"Not the only ones," muttered Harry, "who get trusted on the strength of their expectations."

"No, but don't sigh so dolefully, dear. One o'clock came, though the boys declared confidently it never would. At two dinner was on the table, at three, despatched, and immediately after, Fred and Charley, with hair combed smoothly, and dressed in their holiday suits, crept into the study with cheeks as red as peonies.

"The old man was there. Two very small parcels laid on the table at his side; he beckoned them to be seated. 'Boys,' he said, solemnly, 'I am about to make you a present of some money; and I want you to use it discreetly. You are young, and do not yet know the value of such a commodity, but do as *I* did, save your money. What I give to you now is the same amount I began life with, and by prudence and energy I have become rich; I hope you may do the same. Be honest, boys, be virtuous, cautious, and prudent; never run in debt for the smallest article, (the boys felt a little uneasy at that) be patient, be temperate, and you cannot fail to become rich. Now, boys, take these, receive my blessings; go.'"

"And how much was it pray?" asked Harry, lifting up his head, and looking quite animated.

"Why, it was—a penny a piece," returned Annie, laughing heartily. "And Fred declares that the old man thought they were on their good behavior for the sake of the dimes, so took

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that method to rebuke them, for he says he happened to look back before he got out of the room, and uncle 'Siah was laughing away to himself. Oh! they were *so* angry. Charley wanted to go back and fling the money in his face, but Fred reminded him that any want of respect toward the old man would subject them to severe punishment, so he contented himself with tossing it into a neighboring field, while Fred took an old axe and succeeded in chopping his penny to pieces and leaving them in the way. And only think of the dollar! Many and many a pleasure they were forced to deny themselves to liquidate that debt; but after all it proved a fortunate thing, for you know Fred and Charley have a great abhorrence to getting trusted, or trusting either, I believe," added Annie, lightly. "But, Harry," she exclaimed, noticing her husband was preparing to go—"that shawl! you won't disappoint me, love, only a hundred and fifty dollars, and I do really need it. Come, now, don't sigh so, or I shall really think the miser-lines are beginning to come."

"I'll try," the young man strove to speak lightly, but he could not, and ended as usual with a hearty sigh.

FINDING THE JOURNAL.

"I WONDER what makes Harry so glum?" thought Annie, as she resumed her sewing; "I'm sure everything is delightful here at home, and Harry seems to enjoy my society as keenly as ever. Heigh-ho! some perplexing business matter, I suppose. I'm glad I ain't a man, indeed I am. How the poor fellow did sigh! and the day so beautiful, too; *I* can't work," she added, nervously, throwing her embroidery into a graceful work-basket that tasseled and corded about, sat at her side, and she arose, sauntered through her beautiful parlors and out into the passage. There in the broad light of the sun lounged a rosy-cheeked chamber-maid fast asleep.

"What a lazy creature!" thought Annie, "really she doesn't have enough work to keep her out of mischief, though to be sure she can't do much mischief asleep, but I wish she had more work to do." Passing the girl, Annie ran up stairs to her dressing-room, and for awhile amused herself by rearranging the beautiful dresses in her wardrobe. Then she paused half yawning before her mirror, languidly rolled her ringlets, wished Harry could stay all day with her, was sure she should never weary of his company, wondered when the upholsterers would come to measure the rooms for new carpets, and the windows for new curtains; hoped Harry *wouldn't* forget that absolutely indispensible shawl, and then began looking through her drawers.

A small, beautifully gilt annual—such she thought it—attracted her fancy. She remembered now she had found it in the corner of the drawing-room lounge, under one of the velvet pillows the evening before; and believing it to be a book lent her by a friend, she had carried it to her own room that it might not receive injury. Mechanically seating herself she opened the pages and found—a blank. Surprise roused her energy; she placed the book on her knee and turned carefully to the first page to find the owner's name. In a wreath of daintily tinted flowers she read "Harry F. Maitland, journal."

"Why it's Harry's," she exclaimed, in surprise; "I did not know he kept a journal," and turning the pages hurriedly, she paused at a passage where her own name caught her attention, and blushing, she read on.

"20th.—My beautiful Annie grows every day dearer to my heart, and my only grief is that I cannot readily gratify her every wish. Foolish, nay, criminal man that I was, that for fear of losing her, I dared allow her to indulge the dream that I was wealthy. She, lovely, petted, reared in affluence, little thinks of my daily, nay, hourly struggles for her sake, and I dare not tell her. For she seems a being so pure, so unselfish, that were she as some women, to display an unreasonable vanity, and taunt me because I could not minister to her wants, I should be of all men the most miserable."

"22nd.—I am living beyond my income. To-day I am two hundred dollars in debt for extravagance, and heaven knows I need every cent for business.

"Yesterday, bought Annie an opera cloak, and although she looked so beautifully radiant, my heart ached as I gazed upon her. Yet Annie has been accustomed to such things, how can I deny her? But for these fashionable follies we might live well and owe nothing; but I do not blame *her* for one moment. It is my own fault. I am justly punished for my presumption in wooing her. Her father! I would sooner die than go to him for aid."

"24th.—I am getting deeply involved, I fear. Have borrowed five hundred of my cousin, must return it in three months. A bad beginning. And Annie must have her shawl; if I told her all, perhaps she would be contented with those she has already; but I cannot gather the courage. When I think of it, in her presence, I am a very coward. I must borrow still more and trust to fortune. How guilty and how cowardly I seem to myself! Oh! Annie, I wish I was more worthy

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of you, sweet wife—for your sake would I had a mine of gold!"

For a moment Annie closed the book. Tears filled her eyes, and her good, generous heart ached for her erring husband. "He shall see," she murmured, rising as she spoke, "that I am no vain, selfish creature."

Instantly throwing on her graceful bonnet and a shawl, that, though not quite fashionable, was still very elegant, she set forward to the splendid store of M. Gerry, the popular upholsterer.

"I am very sorry," exclaimed the polite clerk, before Annie had a chance to speak, "that I could not send my men to-day, but a counter order——"

"It is no matter," replied Annie, "I called to say that you need not take the trouble, and if the damask is not cut——"

"It *shall* be directly; you wished orange and green, I believe."

"I have changed my mind," replied Annie, assuming a careless manner, "I do not want the damask or the tapestry carpeting yet, when I do I can give you a call."

"Certainly, certainly, madam, just as you please," and the gentlemanly clerk bowed her out.

PART SECOND.

LESSENING EXPENDITURE.

ANNIE'S next move was toward her father's house, in a beautiful avenue, yet green and blooming, though the leaves were turning sere upon the trees.

Her mother sat alone employed in writing.

"Why! how fortunate!" she cried, "I was just about to send you a note, begging you to loan me your set of agate for to-morrow night."

"What will you give me for it, mother?" said Annie, laughingly.

"Give you? why! would you sell it? You must need money. Doesn't your husband provide you——"

"With everything I wish, mother; but I want to give a great surprise, and—and in fact it's to be a secret, so I'm perfectly willing to sell my beautiful agates; come, what'll you give me? Buy them, now I'm in the mood; you know if I *need* such things I can get plenty more."

"Well—there are five hundred dollars at my disposal—the set is fully worth a thousand, I suppose; at least I know that is what your uncle gave for it—but he is dead, poor man. I'll give you five hundred now, and two at some future time; say in a month."

Annie's cheeks flushed with pleasure, and she left her father's house with the bank-notes tightly folded up and deposited in the end of her purse.

Harry came home later than usual, and his wife pretended not to see as he went straight to the lounge and lifted the pillow, looking carefully about.

"I suppose the men came here to measure the floors," said Harry, buttering his muffin with an air of abstraction that seemed totally foreign to appetite.

"No," said Annie, sipping her tea, and trying her best to seem perfectly unconcerned, "I was looking at the carpets to-day, and they do seem entirely too good to rip up and send to auction. And then the curtains; I've really got attached to them, I'm sure Gerry hasn't so pretty a pattern in his store; so as a fit of economy, or perversity, or call it what you will, came over me, I determined to go over to Gerry's and tell him I had changed my mind."

"You did!" exclaimed Harry, looking up so bright and animated, that Annie felt doubly repaid for her sacrifice. And it was astonishing how suddenly the poor fellow revived! how quickly the muffins disappeared! Annie laughed quietly to herself; indeed she enjoyed it thoroughly.

"You shall have the shawl to morrow," he said, in the course of the evening.

"Thank you for nothing," Annie replied, laughing, "I'm not going to be burdened with a shawl. The fringe is always catching in something, and my shoulders don't droop enough to carry one gracefully. I found that out to-day, all of a sudden. And you know that beautiful satin you bought me last fall for a dress, well, I'm just going to have it made into a stylish cloak, it won't cost one-eighth the sum, and look much more beautiful and becoming."

Harry drew a long sigh, but it was a sigh of relief, and his wife knew it. Never seemed an evening to fly so rapidly. Harry was himself again, danced to his wife's music, chatted gaily as was his wont of old, and retired a happy, light-hearted man. He found his journal oddly enough in one of *his coat pockets that same night.*

The next day at dinner Annie said, "Don't you think, Harry, Mrs. Lynch has been here to get us to go to the new church. Several families have gone with a perfectly good understanding existing between them and our pastor. Now I've been thinking our church is so dreadfully crowded, and we both admire Mr. Elder, the new preacher so much, hadn't we better go there? Besides there will be a difference of nearly forty dollars pew rent in a year."

Harry looked keenly at Annie, and she inno-

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cently returned the glance, so although he wondered at the spirit of calculation that had come over his little wife, he never even dreamed of the cause.

"I'll go there certainly, my Annie," he replied. "It will encourage Mr. Elder, and show that we do not attend church to indulge in pride and ostentation, since it is a very plain meeting-house, and I presume the poorer part of the congregation will branch off; but do you think how far it will be for you to walk in winter?"

"Never mind that," replied Annie.

A REMOVAL.

HARRY had begun steadily to retrieve his ill-fortune, only the debt of five hundred dollars hung heavily upon his heart. He calculated to be able justly to meet his bills, the rent of his expensive house and store, "and next year," thought he, "I'll go alone. How fortunate things have turned out so in accordance with my means and wishes. Annie is so thoughtful, heaven bless her, I never gave her credit for so much foresight. She has saved me."

"What! move into that barbarous section of the city!" exclaimed Harry, though secretly delighted. "You'll lose all our fashionable friends."

"No, Harry, none of our friends—our acquaintances, mere calling automatons, may think it just ground of neglect, but I am tired enough of them already. Let them go—I have you."

"Bless you," was the reply, with a look of unutterable love, and again Annie felt repaid for all her sweet sacrifices.

"I saw the prettiest house, to-day," she continued, "not near so large as this, but large enough, the dearest little house, and perfectly genteel, in thorough repair, and twice as convenient. Besides, my chief reason for wishing to take it is, that we shall be so near the new church; and you know since I have had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, the walk seems more fatiguing."

"But what will your parents say?"

"Nothing, of course, since it is for my convenience, you know they are neither of them unreasonable."

"True! Annie, what a treasure I have in you! To tell you the truth, these great rooms do not look pleasant to me. They are unsocial unless filled with company."

"And these glum stoves," added Annie, tapping one with her pretty foot, "there is no cheerfulness about them. Now many of the rooms there, are furnished with those dear, delightful, old Franklin stoves, in which one can enjoy the blaze of a wood fire—and there will be such a lessening of our expenses that we can afford to keep one or two wood fires, can't we?"

"Lessening expenses," thought Harry to himself, "Annie has suspected, yet how brave and delicate she is," and his cheeks burned consciously, while his heart burned at the same time with gratitude and love.

The smaller house was taken. Furnished with taste and elegance, it was more brilliant and at the same time more comfortable than the last. To have seen Annie and her husband, the former busy with her needle, making nameless little articles, the table and lounge drawn up in front of the burnished fender and great, polished fire-dogs, to see how glowing Annie's beautiful face was, and how radiant Harry's, as he looked up sometimes from the volume he was reading aloud, would fully have satisfied the bitterest ascetic that by that hearth-stone happiness was more sacred than fashion.

THE DEBT LIQUIDATED.

NOTHING now troubled Harry but the debt of five hundred dollars. "I'll get an extension of time," he thought, as the day of payment drew near. "I am doing so well now, that two months will clear me. Thank God, and my jewel of a wife for that!"

Entering his office he saw a sealed envelope lying upon the desk. He took it up, opened it, out fell a receipt in full, duly signed. Harry took up the note accompanying, with astonishment. It ran thus:

"DEAR MAITLAND—I send per request your bill receipted. Thank you for being so prompt in your business arrangements. I see you are taking the right path to success, to wealth and fame. If at any time you are pressed for money send to me. I will loan you any amount.

Yours, B. MAITLAND."

Still in deep astonishment Harry held his cousin's note. Every moment his wonder grew. What unknown friend had he, thus anxious to save his credit, thus able to do so.

In a moment the thought flashed over his mind that Annie was his unknown friend, his good guardian angel. "But how could she know?—how *could* she know?" he queried. Abstractedly he returned home. He was silent from suspense and an honorable sense of shame.

"What! clouds!" cried Annie, cheerily, "let me see, are the miser-lines growing?"

"Do you want a shawl?" asked Harry, loosing his thoughtful aspect.

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"No," and Annie blushed and shook her head, "but," said she, "instead I'll take a journal."

"Mine, or a new one?" asked Harry.

"Yours, of course; I want to see what you've been doing since I gave up the shawl," replied Annie, archly.

She was instead folded to her husband's breast, while he showered kisses and blessings upon her. "You have saved me, Annie," he cried, "you have made a better, a more resolute man of me. Henceforth, all my life, I will strive yet more to be worthy of you."

"How much happiness there is in doing right," thought Annie, "I have secured my husband's lasting love, and conquered myself.

"'Having eyes but seeing not,'" she murmured, on the next Sabbath. "Who would have thought to find such a jewel in that poor, but intelligent widow, who always sat near the door in our splendid church, and never was noticed by the fashionables. Each time I see her I learn some lofty lesson, and my nature is being purified by her counsels.

"'Having eyes but seeing not.' There was I, fretting because my cheeks were losing their bloom, but since I have dispensed with extra servants, and undertaken the supervision of my own household, I am healthier and stronger, and the roses still lend their bright crimson to make me look beautiful in Harry's eyes. For Harry's sake I would be ever beautiful."

Harry Maitland prospered beyond even his sanguine expectations. He became immensely wealthy, and under God was the means of benefitting his country, through his wisdom and liberal expenditure, beyond any man of equal fortune in America.

And to this day, when questioned as to his success, he invariably returns as answer to the query, of how did he become so rich, "Young man, I owe it to a good wife—God's greatest and best boon to man. Go to her, and she will tell you."

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THE FORTUNE HUNTER.
BY FITZ MORNER.
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THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY FITZ MORNER.

Shadrach Shiftless was one of those deluded individuals who are always on the look-out for a legacy from some unknown and unheard of rich relation, an accidental "freak of fortune," or some wonderful discovery of hidden ingots of gold, pots of piratical plunder or miserly hoarding—the which should result in coffers overflowing with wealth, without subjecting its owner to toil in its accumulation. He had apprenticed himself successively to a tinner, a shoemaker, a clothes-cleaner and a saddler; had undertaken the study of medicine with Dr. Foolemall; had entered the office of lawyer Pinchgrip, and been discharged for refusing to clean the spittoon and sweep out o' mornings; had measured tape a short time behind the dry-goods merchant's counter; had peddled books out of a tin box; had studied daguerreotyping; had taken seven different excursions to places pointed out to him by mysterious dreams, on bootless errands after buried money-chests; and was now, at the time this narrative opens, porter for the village tavern at Shawburgh.

Shawburgh had been Shadrach's "native place," off and on, for twenty-three years, such being the length of his sojourn on earth at the time of which I write. One morning, in November, a man entered the bar-room, where Shadrach was slumbering in a chair, and began fastening to the wall a flaring bill, announcing a "*Grand Exhibition*"—"*Combination of talent*"—"*Splendid Dissolving Views,*" and "*Extraordinary and Laughable Feats of Ventriloquism!*" The tapping of the tack-hammer awoke our snoring hero, who lazily turned his eyes on the showman, and after a satisfactory survey of that personage, arose and sauntered up to the scene of action with his hands in his breeches-pockets. He then fell to reading the same, from which he learned that the stupendous establishment would exhibit in the spacious dancing-hall of the Shawburgh hotel on the evening of the coming Thanksgiving-day. Shadrach was in ecstacies at the anticipated glory he should enjoy as doortender and committee of arrangements, by virtue of his position as porter, and wisely concluded to prolong his stay at the tavern until the memorable event transpired.

Thanksgiving-day came, and so did the exhibition; it exhibited, and the Shawburghers flocked to behold; it departed, and Shadrach Shiftless departed with it. He had received the magnificent offer of two dollars a week and his travelling expenses, if he would accept the position of organ-grinder to the exhibition; and he accepted.

Shadrach now saw his way clearly; quite so. In his perambulations about the country, he should hit upon his long looked-for discovery, by which his pockets should be filled, and his hands freed from irksome labor all the rest of his days. He was confident that the road to wealth was now open before him, and

> "Hope told a flattering tale"

of pots of money in underground caverns, to which the wizardward of some good genius should guide him.

Shadrach found his new occupation dull work. His vanity was not long gratified by the curious stares of the urchins on the front seats, as he entered the hall, hat in hand, on tip-toe, and disappeared behind the mysterious green curtain; it soon became an old story. And when there, he had to lean against the wall and grind out melodious sounds for two hours on a stretch, to keep the sleepy audience awake during the drowsy transpositions of the magical paintings. It was dull, and he began to think of changing his occupation. But, no! for once he was settled. His "one idea" had completely gained ascendency over the promptings of his laziness, and he could not tear himself away from his organ with its two dollars and travelling expenses. The expectation of "his luck," as he called it, had settled down into a firm conviction that every mile he travelled brought him nearer to the realization of his dreams. He grew morose and crabbed, brooding over his continued disappointments; his cadaverous countenance lengthened daily; and his great eyes glared anxiously on every one he saw, as though he expected to be saluted and directed where lay his "luck." But in vain; he found it not.

At the taverns where he stopped during the perambulations of the exhibition, he had been in the habit of dropping to sleep in the bar-room during the dull day-times; or, when the humor

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seized him, sauntering lazily about the streets in search of his "luck." But he soon fell into the habit, instead thereof, of perusing the newspapers on the bar-room table, and his eyes glistened eagerly whenever he lit on one of those marvellous items called "Freaks of Fortune," relating how some poor devil suddenly became rich. However, his own name never appeared.

One afternoon, he had pitched his tent in a small town on the line of one of our great railroads, which railroad came to a termination in New York city. Looking over the advertisements in one of the great dailies, he was arrested by one reading thus:

"FORTUNE TELLING.—Madame Schmyddthe, the celebrated Jewish Fortune-teller, is holding her soirees at No. —— Broadway, where she will be happy to meet any who may favor her with a call, and will reveal to them how they may form agreeable matrimonial alliances; where favored individuals may find fortunes; their future destiny, &c. Terms five dollars."

"That's it!" exclaimed Shadrach, as a bright gleam spread over his countenance. "Found at last! Mine, mine, mine! I'm in! Ha! ha!" and crushing the newspaper into his old and napless hat, he rushed into the street with a burst of hysterical cachination, and sought his employer—the proprietor of the exhibition.

"Come to say good-bye to you, Mr. Bumhug—would thank you for the two dollars due; a sudden call to New York city, will grind my farewell strain this night."

Bumhug was thunderstruck.

"What do you want to go for, Mr. Shiftless? Haint I paid your salary regularly? Did I ever——"

"'S no matter, Bumhug," said Shadrach, with increasing pomposity, "my reasons is good ones; and when you sees the announcement of my adventures in the papers, then you won't wonder no more. Pay me what y' owe me, and I'll grind to-night. Otherwise——"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Shiftless, your pay's yours; here is two dollars; don't make a fool of yourself, though; I solemnly assure you you've got a good place, Shadrach, with good wages, a kind employer, and travelling expenses paid; hope you will think better of it, for I have become attached to you, Shadrach, and would not willingly part with you. But act your pleasure!"

"I will, sir," said Shadrach, obediently, as he received his two dollars. That night the tedium of grinding was relieved by the thoughts of freedom to-morrow, and wealth in the distance; and when the morning dawned, Shadrach took a seat in the cars, with a ticket for New York. He had fifty dollars in his pocket, the savings of a year's grinding, and he felt independent, though he looked like the ghost of an old-clothesman, with his sunken cheeks, blear eyes, and *outre* garments—the donations of landlords, bartenders and hostlers.

The train reached its destination, and Shadrach found himself amid the bustle and tumult of the great metropolis. It was yet early in the day, and Shadrach determined to find the fortune-teller at once; but the next thing was to put the determination into execution—not so easily accomplished, however. He knew not what portion of the city he was now in; but he felt confident that he should know Broadway when he saw it, from its width; and he was sure he should hit upon it some time in the day, if he kept walking about. He knew altogether too much to ask his way of anybody—for he had heard of New York before, and had his "eyes well skinned for sharpers." With all the buoyancy he was capable of, he began his tramp; but the descending shades of night found him still tramping, and Broadway's wide domain still to be discovered. Hunger pressed, and he entered a hotel and called for supper. Here we leave him, to pursue his blundering way unmolested, and beg leave to transport the reader to the reading-room of the "St. Nicholas," and introduce him to two elderly gentlemen, who are engaged in a *tete-a-tete* by themselves.

"Do you live in Shawburgh yet, Mr. Bradley?" said one of the gentlemen, who wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I still live there; but I have removed from the residence I occupied when you were my neighbor."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have purchased the estate of Colonel Guiteau, and live upon it now."

"What! that old castle! Why there was such odium attaching to it I should think you would dislike to go there."

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I know there had been some foolish superstitions clinging about it; but common sense has nothing to do with ghost-stories, and I cared not a whit whether it was considered haunted or not, so long as there was a chance for speculation. I got it for a very small sum, compared to its real worth, and can sell it for quadruple what it cost me, including all subsequent expense."

"But it was a mere rookery—the house; and the grounds were overrun with tangled weeds, brush-heaps and dead trees."

"The house was much better than was

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commonly supposed, Mr. Bower; and a slight application of the magic wand of a carpenter and joiner on its haunted beams, added to a moderate exercise of the stone-mason's subtle arts, has rendered it a beautiful and substantial mansion. Then the grounds readily yielded under the labors of myself and men, and I have laid them out with spacious paths and avenues, with large and beautiful plats between, bountifully covered with flowers, which my wife and daughters delight in tending."

"But that mysterious old well, Mr. Bradley, that was said to have been the scene of young Madeline's death. I should think it would cause a sort of gloom to rest on your place."

"But you forget, Mr. Bower, that that too is susceptible to change."

"Why, yes, to be sure! What have you done with it?"

"Do you remember that large, flat stone that barred the entrance-gate to the grounds?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, that stone covers the well, and above it is erected as beautiful a summer-house as you would wish to see."

"Well, ha! ha! that was fine indeed! But you had some distance to carry the stone, did you not?"

"Oh, no, not any serious distance. It is but fifteen or twenty yards from the gate to the well, and a pair of stout horses dragged it that distance easily."

"Well, truly," said Mr. Bower, smilingly, "it must be you have a pleasant place there, I declare, I must visit you some time this winter."

"So do; we will be delighted to see you. We have a fine prospect from the windows of the east tower; looking out upon the river at the east, and down upon the village at the west—for the mansion stands upon a hill, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly," said the other.

The conversation now turned upon the price of lands in the region of Shawburgh, and we, caring nothing about that, will now take our leave, and return to our friend Shadrach, who is now in the arms of sleep, snoring away the anxieties and fatigues of the day.

In the morning, he inquired at the office as to where Broadway might be located, and was told that the street was but a few steps from him. "Just pass up this street and cross the Park, and you will be in Broadway."

Shadrach was not exactly satisfied; but thought it was not best to be too inquisitive, and going out stepped off. After a few hours search, and a few ridiculous feats, he fortunately succeeded at last in reaching No ——, the residence of Madame Schymddthe.

The heart of Shadrach Shiftless now began to thump in his waistcoat in a manner that was rather alarming. The "crisis" had come, and his strength almost failed, as he thought of what was before him; but summoning all his courage he pulled the bell and was admitted. A servant demanded the five dollars fee, which Shadrach paid without a question, when he was instantly ushered into the reception-room of the Jewess. The sun's rays were completely excluded, and the pitchy darkness was rendered still more profound by one dim lamp that flickered in gloomy silence alone, on a table at the remote end of the room. Shadrach fell on his knees in awe as he felt himself alone amid the ghostly silence in that mysterious place, and he inwardly cursed his rashness in having ventured to enter; he reflected that at a stroke from some unseen wizard hand his head might be severed from his body, and the world without would never miss him, nor his whereabouts ever be inquired of. Suddenly a bell was heard booming in the distance in a hollow, muffled tone, and sounding like a knell of death; it slowly and gradually increased in loudness, growing more and more audible, until its boom! boom! boom! rang like ten thousand judgment trumps on the shrinking ear of the poor fortune-hunter, and swelled, and throbbed, and reverberated in stunning cadence from wall to wall, as the affrighted man fell prostrate on his face; now the clanging clamor grew milder; the loudness gradually decreased in power; the tone died mournfully away, until at last the boom! boom! became inaudible. A voice rang through the room like a bugle-blast, exclaiming,

"Who comes to inquire of the dim, mysterious future, and test the skill of the Jewess from the Holy Land?"

Shadrach started to his feet and gazed in terror, and with quaking limbs, into the thick gloom around him—but answered not.

"Thy name, mortal!" demanded the voice again.

Shadrach felt that he must reply, and with cold, clammy sweat in beads on his forehead, stammered,

"Sha—Shadrach Sh—Shiftless!"

"Whence comest thou, and where wert thou born?"

"Come from all over the country. Was born in Shawburgh!" replied Shadrach.

"Thy age?" was the next question.

"Goin' on twenty-four!" sung out Shadrach.

"What seekest thou?"

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"A pot of money, or suthin' of that kind!"

"Enough!" again rang out the bugle voice; and the one light was extinguished.

Horror now seized on our hero; he felt a qualm creeping over him like a living thing; he shuddered in terror, and would have ran, but his limbs were powerless as in a dream; he began to mutter an old prayer his mother had taught him, "Now I lay me"—when suddenly he was startled by a loud and stunning, hissing noise, resembling the escaping of steam. Then the gas-lamps burst forth with a brilliant glare, and, as soon as Shadrach could rub the mist from his eyes, he beheld, standing on a pedestal at the far end of the room, a figure clothed in glittering garments, and with her right hand extending a wand of *gold*. Her hair lay wildly about her bare shoulders, and she beckoned the stranger to advance and kneel before her. He obeyed, and with renewed awe witnessed the beautiful being pour incense from a phial upon a fire which burned before her in a silver censer, muttering inaudibly as she did so. At length she began her revelations.

"Mortal!" said she, in a silvery voice, "thy name is Shadrach—thou wert born in Shawburgh—past a score of years ago—and thou seekest a fortune!"

"Well, I swum!" said Shadrach, "she's right there, anyhow!"

"The stars are propitious to-night," said the Jewess. "Thy desire shall be thine, and wealth shall gleam before thy gladdened eyes. Know then, that in thy native place there stands a ruined castle, where years agone lived a noble colonel, named by men '*Guiteau's*, and that, in the desolate garden surrounding this mansion there is hidden, 'neath a massive stone, a chest with many dollars in gold and silver, placed there by one who slew sweet Madeline, a maiden fair and lovely, and beautiful to behold. Go then, mortal, and follow my directions that thou mayest gain for thyself this gold. But first, oh, privileged item of frail humanity, to propitiate the genii, thou must place upon this pedestal ten dollars in silver or gold."

"Whew!" was Shadrach's involuntary ejaculation; but as the vision of the buried money-chest danced enchantingly before his eyes, his hand sought his purse, and the gold eagle came forth.

"Shadrach," then resumed the woman, "take up thy tent and proceed to the place of thy birth; travel only by night, and shield thyself and sleep by day, for if the sun's rays fall upon thee in thy journey, then is the power I now give thee of no avail; enter thy native village and advance up the hill whereon stands the castle of Col. Guiteau, and, leaping the gate that guards the entrance to the grounds, proceed in thy path for twenty yards till thou shalt reach a light and fragile house, o'erwreathed with leafless vines; though now the path is obstructed by the tangled weeds of long neglect, fear not, oh, Shadrach, blessed, for by my magic power the path *for thee* is free! Within this light and fragile house, kneel humbly and with thy spade remove the earth away. Not long wilt thou labor ere thou shalt reach the level stone 'neath which the treasure lies; then labor on, remove the stone, and seize thy precious prize! I have done! Farewell!"

Darkness returned, a hand seized that of the awe-struck man, and he suffered himself to be led to the door like a child, and ushered into the street.

Shadrach took long strides for the railroad depot, and left in the first train that went in the direction of Shawburgh. As he rattled on he had leisure to think over what had passed, and oh! how he hugged himself for joy, and gleefully contemplated the fair and lovely prospect of the wealth before him. The words of the Jewess were received as gospel, and not a shadow of doubt lingered in his mind in relation to his good fortune; he cogitated on the minuteness of her instructions to him, and resolved to follow them out to the letter.

"By gum!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've broke one of 'em a'ready."

"Have you?" said a passenger, who had been startled from a doze by the exclamation; "did it hurt you much?"

"Eh?" dreamily answered Shadrach.

"Oh!" said the man, and dropped off to sleep.

Leaving our hero to make amends for his first transgression as best he can, and to pursue his nightly journey alone, we would make an explanation as to the prophetic knowledge of the veracious Madame Schmyddthe. You will recollect, reader, the conversation in the reading-room of the St. Nicholas. If we had observed closely we would have observed sitting near the conversers a business-like appearing man, who with a lead-pencil seemed to be cyphering out some perplexing question in a small black memorandum book. Looking over his shoulder, we read as follows:—"Shawburgh—Col. Guiteau—large castle-house on a hill—murdered Madeline—well, covered with flat stone—twenty yards from gate—summer-house over spot," &c. &c. This was the fortune-teller's pimp.

The lights blazed merrily in the mansion of the respected Mr. Bradley, and the guests gathered

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in the great old parlors; both the rosy faces of youthful mirth and the more placid dames of demurer years, bent on having a rousing, romping, sportive, real old-fashioned Christmas party. Among the guests we perceive the good-humored phiz of our old friend of the St. Nicholas, Mr. Bower, who, the reader will recollect, had promised to make the Bradleys a visit.

It was cold and stormy without; the wind whistled around the old walls, and rattled madly at the millioned windows; while a thick shower of descending snow rendered it impossible for one outside to perceive through its dense mass even the lights that gleamed through the diamond-shaped panes. The evening passed in the mirthful, happy style of all such gatherings in country places; with games of divers names, whose principal interest was derived from the abundance of kisses with which they were interlarded; and friend Bower more than once found himself nearly smothered by a bevy of laughing girls, by whom he was "judged" to be attacked *en masse*. "Oh! Mr. Bower!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "How you blush, Mr. Bower!" (as though his red face could be made to blush a deeper crimson!) "How timid you are, Mr. Bower!" (as though he could be aught save "timid" under such an onslaught!) And finally, all out of breath, and gasping a faint guffaw, the bachelor would sink into his chair and await the next round.

The reader may never have been a guest at a Christmas party in a country town; if so it will be difficult to conceive of the genial joy exhibited on such occasions. Old men and matrons seize this annual festal day to doff the gravity of years, and mingle in the games with a gusto which the remembrance of bye-gone days and youthful mirth excite with vivid powers. Mrs. Bradley (fat old soul!) toddled around after friend Bower in "*Wink 'em slily,*" with her glowing cheeks suffused with tears of laughter; while Bower, wig all askew, pulled the circle hither and thither in his frantic efforts to elude the dame, congratulating himself on the youthful sprightliness he displayed, and thinking he never was so simple before.

Be sorrowful, oh! ye denizens of cities! for the honest joys that happy rurality knows can never be yours. The costly trappings and gilded gewgaws that deck your polished drawing-rooms; the silks and satins that rustle through the mazes of the dance; the diamonds and paste, the gold and glitter that gleamed on the studied costumes of your rouged belles; all are unseemly attendants on the honest mirthfulness that lights the rural hearth-stone, and brightens the rural hall. But go, if you will, among the people that the country village knows, and it will need no long sojourn to introduce you to the hearts and hospitalities of the lads and lasses that laugh the time away in Christmas parties like the one we chronicle.

Games of divers names, and pastimes of every sort, though of but one character, lent the hours wings with which their flight into the past was rapid and unnoted. There was the indispensible mock-marriage, too, in which Mr. Bower was the groom, and little Carrie Bradley the bride; and the tiny "twelve-year-old" and the burly bachelor were joined in holy wedlock—Joe Loomis acting the priest and winding up the solemn ceremony and an emphatic "Over the left!" However, the bride was kissed, and kindly congratulations exchanged on all hands.

Time passed. The old clock in the corner pealed eleven. The guests were gathered about the great old fire-place, where the huge logs of wood hissed and crackled before them, and the flames went merrily roaring up the chimney. The nut-shells and apple-parings—relics of the late onslaught—had all been carried away. Jokes were gradually getting less lively, and drowsiness began to creep over the weary eyelids of the guests; but they fell to talking by couples as they sat—and ere long each was busily immersed in a conversation with his neighbor. Joe Loomis was conversing about the mock-marriage with Ida Brown—thought real marriages were much more reasonable. So did she. Jeannette, Rose and Frank Templeton were turning over the leaves of a book of engravings, and passing comments upon them. Frank liked the pictures of "the girls" best, while Jeannette modestly preferred "scenery and such." Alice Willis and Edward Effingham were earnestly discussing the question whether Mr. Bower's snuff-colored coat or Charley's blue, with its brass buttons, was prettiest. While Mr. Bower himself was conversing with Mr. Bradley in regard to the old superstition that clung round the house. From this the conversation turned upon ghosts, ghouls, goblins, and spirits in general. The dispute became very animated, and with increasing fervor came increasing loudness of tone, until soon all the guests had ceased talking, and were eagerly listening to the disputants. As the discussion grew less earnest and finally ceased altogether, nothing would do but some hobgoblin tale.

"A ghost story!" said Jeannette.

"Yes, a ghost story! a ghost story!" was caught and reiterated by all.

And ghost stories were told. With that monotonous, solemn drone, that the most interesting

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retailers of the horrible delight in, the dreary tales were spinned out, until the listeners began to start at the tapping of the wind on the pane; until the lasses shrunk closer to the lads, as if expecting protection from them; and until the stroke of the clock-hammer that told the mystic hour of midnight, sent a thrill through the frames of the weaker ones.

"Tell us the story of Madeline, Mr. Bradley," requested some one.

"Oh, I would rather some one else would do it for me. Really, I cannot do the narrative any degree of justice, for the romance of it has been wholly driven out of my head by the familiarity of its scenes with the music of the saw and the jackplane, which I have introduced here. Still, if you insist upon it, I——"

"Yes, yes, you must tell it. No one else knows it so well," said Mr. Bower.

"Well, as the story runs, there formerly lived on these grounds, in this mansion, a Col. Guiteau, who then owned all the lands hereabout, on which Shawburgh has grown into existence. It seems this Col. Guiteau had professedly lived here many years; but with his domain under the superintendence of an agent, had really spent a great part of his time travelling in Europe—returning occasionally. One summer he brought with him a maiden said to have been surpassingly lovely. She seemed to be very melancholy and sad—always strolling much alone through the great groves about, and often bursting into sudden and violent weeping. It was supposed that some deep sorrow—blighted love or remorse—was preying at her heart—many accrediting it to her alliance with the old colonel; but she could never be led into conversation. If she was addressed in a kind and sympathetic tone she would murmur some Italian sentence, burst into tears, and move hastily away. During the day she did little else than sigh and weep, but it was noticed that when the colonel returned at night she met him with calmness, and sometimes even with a cheerful smile. Her favorite retreat was at the brink of the old well that lay in the garden just below the aviary, where, kneeling on the turf, she would gaze into its depths for hours. At length, one night, she was gone. The colonel caused the woods and surrounding country to be scoured, in vain; until at length attention was turned to the old well, and in it they found the beautiful maid wrapt in the sleep of death. Many years passed; the colonel followed his young bride to the land beyond the skies; the mansion was fast decaying; and foolish stories were abroad that the place was haunted—that through these rooms where we now sit the ghost of the beautiful Madeline wandered wildly up and down, or hovered over the brink of the old well, singing mournful songs above her watery grave."

It was not long after this, that one intimated the lateness of the hour and the propriety of departure. Then they bundled into their mammoth sleigh at the door, and soon were moving down the avenue leading to the roadside gate. They were not so lively as is commonly the case with sleigh-loads of young people, and the dreary tales they had been harking to had cast a feeling of gloominess over them that would not yield to merriment. One of the bravest made a faint attempt at a whistle, but gave it up as a vain thing. Suddenly the sleigh stopped. Joe Loomis stuck his head out and inquired what had broke?

"Broke!" said the negro driver, "by gony! I dunno what's broke; but dem ar hosses has got frit about suthen! Hark! Dar! Heah dat ar! By gony! wonder what dem be!"

Joe sprang out, followed by the rest of the boys, and ran forward; when they distinctly heard a groan from the summer-house, beneath which Joe knew was the old well. They paused. The sound was repeated, louder—so loud that the girls heard it and asked what it meant; and when Joe replied, all tremulous with agitation, "Hope I may be hung if it don't come from that old well," one of them fainted, and all were very much alarmed. They returned to the house, and soon succeeded in mustering a party who sallied forth to the well, properly armed. When they stood in the summer-house, and heard the shouting that arose from beneath their feet, some were for running back; but were persuaded to remain and unravel the mystery. As the stone was rolled away, and an agonizing groan rose full and audible upon their ears, human nerves could bear no more; light heels took light heads swiftly away, and terror sent the principal portion of the congregated valor scampering furiously up to the house.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Bower, and a domestic were more philosophical, and though excessively mystified, finally succeeded in hauling forth the woe-begone, despairing phiz of Shadrach Shiftless, and shortly after a pair of heels surmounted by legs whose owner was either so nearly frightened to death, or froze to death, that he trembled like an aspen; which said heels no sooner felt *terra firma* than they assumed their powers of locomotion, and rattled off down the road that led to the village, with a speed that was astonishing to contemplate.

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Shadrach Shiftless wipes off horses legs and cleans stables at a hotel in the village of Blandby, at the date of the first publication of this history. He still looks for his "luck" with unwavering confidence; avowing that the only thing which prevented his securing the pot of gold was his first transgression, in traveling by daylight.

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GOING OVER THE FALLS.
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.
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GOING OVER THE FALLS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We stopped at the Cataract House.

Tired with long travel, covered with dust, and disappointed at not getting a room facing the rapids, my rising irritability culminated, when I was shown into a chamber, up six pair of stairs, next door to what seemed a noisy cotton-mill.

"This is abominable," I said, crossly, when I found myself alone with my companion, "spinning jennies at Niagara!"

My companion burst out laughing.

"Spinning jennies! It's the sound of the rapids," he said.

And the rapids it was. But to my dying day, I will maintain that the "first sound of Niagara," about which so much has been written and so poetically, is like the incessant rattle of a cotton-mill, the hum of a hive of spinning jennies.

The next day I went over to Goat Island for the second time, and alone. The rush and whirl of those great rapids, whose half smothered noise had struck me so unpoetically, had taken deep hold of my imagination. I could hardly, on that first day, tear myself away from them. "Five mighty lakes," I said to myself, "are writhing there, and though they know their doom, they are vainly struggling against it, as the frantic and strong will do even when hope is dead." What could a weak swimmer do in such a moment, was my constantly recurring thought. I could not shake off the terrible fascination of this idea. Once or twice, I felt an insane temptation to leap in, as men sometimes are tempted to jump from the top of a steeple; and though I put away the suggestion with a shudder, and at last resolutely left the rapids, I could not resist returning, on this day, and alone.

I selected an unobserved spot, where a little peninsula jutted out into the current, and throwing myself idly down under the shadows of thick trees, began to watch the foaming rapids shooting past between me and the Canadian shore opposite.

At first I was not wholly insensible to the coolness of this sheltered nook, so refreshing after my hot walk. I heard, with a sense of drowsy pleasure, the murmur of the insects around, and the light breeze stirring the leaves overhead. But gradually I lost all consciousness of these, as my entire being became absorbed in the whizzing waters. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing but the never-ceasing motion of the rapids.

I remember trying in vain to calculate the velocity of the wild current. For this purpose, I took out my watch, and fixing my eyes on a flake of foam, in the middle of the river, followed it as it hurried toward the cataract, which thundered not a quarter of a mile below. But I lost sight of my mark almost immediately in the multitude of other bits of foam, all hastening the same way. I then selected another, but it vanished as fast. Every subsequent attempt was equally unsuccessful. Soon I could see nothing but specks of foam, whitening by continually, swiftly, silently, eternally. As fast as one shot past, another rushed into sight, millions following millions, till I had no consciousness of anything else, past, present, or to come. The one idea of never-ending motion, that began with Eternity and would go on forever and forever, possessed me, till my brain grew dizzy.

Perhaps some, who may read this, have experienced similar sensations, though to a less intense degree. If so, they will be able to realize how such an idea, indulged in without restraint, may lead to madness. Some such reflection crossed me, for a single instant, breaking momentarily the spell of this morbid idea. But it passed from my mind immediately. I had not strength of will sufficient to resist the horrible fascination of the sight before me, with its idea of never-ending motion.

At this point an insane wish began to take possession of me. I would share in this motion: I would, so far as I could, become a part of it. Mechanically I commenced preparing to enter the water. I did not, at first, intend to go out into the current. The little peninsula, where I reclined, formed a tiny bay on its upper side; and here I dropped myself gently in. I recollect the delicious sensation that shot through every nerve, as the cool water laved my limbs. It was an instinct of the peril I ran, rather than a definite consciousness of it, that led me, for a moment or two, to hold on by the grassy bank. The current, during this interval, eddied softly by, as if it could do no harm: and allured by its

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promise of safety, I let go, still instinctively, for all this while I felt rather than reasoned.

Oh! the exquisite pleasure of that bath. Lazily swimming, I was borne gently around and around, as the eddy revolved in the little bay. Now I swept slowly by the bank, the grass and flowers leaning over to kiss me as I was carried, with slightly accelerated speed, along the edge of the outer and onward current. But scarcely had my eyes dreamily rested on the rushing rapids, before they met again the sweet blossoms on the bank; and thus, in a drowsy circuit inexpressibly luxurious, I continued languidly revolving. The idea of motion still engrossed me, but it was now deprived of its maddening quality: it was endless motion still, but motion refined and subtilized. The horrors of that rushing river, dashed continually into breakers, and drawn irresistibly toward the glassy, inflexible edge of the awful cataract, no longer half crazed me. I felt as if suddenly relieved from a thought, which had been making me insane; and closing my eyes in delicious rest, I allowed myself to float on my back, guiding my course idly with an occasional stroke. The rustle of leaves, the drone of bees, and the gurgling sound of the revolving waters, though not consciously heard by me, assisted to soothe my excited feelings, as when a mother's voice hushes the fevered brain of a sick child.

Suddenly I felt as if shot through a sluice-gate. To recover my position, to strike out, and to open my eyes were instantaneous. The peninsula was already receding fast in the distance. In my lazy circuits, I had unconsciously and gradually approached the edge of the eddy, until, all at once, the current had seized me, propelling me out into the stream, and toward the jaws of the frightful cataract.

I realized immediately, not only this, but the single chance there was for my preservation. I knew that if I swam directly for the shore, I might probably reach land just above the Falls; for to regain the spot I had left was impossible. Once, in the Delaware, I had escaped drowning, by crossing a tidal current in this way. So I struck desperately out.

When one swims for life, it is no child's play. Every muscle was strained to its utmost tension, and as I buffeted the rough waters, I began to hope. Though still careering with the current at a frightful rate, I was drawing nearer to the shore. Close on this side of the cataract, a bit of land jutted out, which I calculated, if I continued to gain as I had, I should reach. The thought gave me, if possible, additional strength. I was never cooler in my life than at this moment. Measuring with my eye the distance to the point, and marking the rate at which I was moving with the rapids, I felt certain that I should save my life, if my strength held out.

The shores, meantime, were rushing past me, as fences past an express train. The roar of the turbid waters, chafing and tossing all around me, was in my ears continually. Mightier than all, the low, deep thunder of the rapidly approaching cataract, rose, like a solemn undertone, swelling and swelling louder. I could not see the Fall itself, but glancing in its direction, I beheld the convulsed rapids subside into quiet as they approached its brink, where they curved downward, like a sheet of green glass, and were lost to my vision. But the vapor, that rose in clouds beyond, and against which they were relieved, suggested the tremendous chasm into which they had disappeared. Added to this, the very waters that enveloped me had a tremulous motion, totally distinct from that caused by the waves, which impressed me, in a manner no pen can describe, with the weight of the enormous mass precipitated over the Horse-Shoe, and not less with the depth and magnitude of the abyss into which it fell.

I had now reduced my distance from the shore more than one half. "A few bold strokes," I said, "and I shall be safe." But, at that instant I observed a sunken rock, one of the many that intersect the rapids, lying directly in my track. The swift waters, momently arrested by it, tumbled wildly about, boiling and crackling, and shooting jets of spray high into the air. To pass above it was impossible, even with the utmost exertions. If I would escape being dashed to pieces against it, I must go by below. But this involved the risk of missing the point, and that was certain destruction, for, just beyond, the current rushed out into the very centre of the river, where I should infallibly be swept. It was no time, however, for hesitation. I had but the one course, and, therefore, remitting my efforts for an instant, I permitted myself to drop past the rock.

Now began a tremendous struggle. It was absolutely necessary to regain what I had lost, and to regain it quickly. I felt endowed with the strength of a dozen men. The point was still considerably below me, and so far there was hope. But the current was bearing me along, with a constantly accelerating velocity, so that this hope was the slenderest possible. The water, still tumultuous from its collision with the sunken rock, now dragged me under and now flung me, half drowned, to the surface. Yet I battled on. Now the point is almost gained.

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A slight eddy swings me nearly to it. Another stroke or two and it will be gained. Thank God! I almost grasp that root. No! Another eddy seizes me, it whirls me around and around, it mocks me twice by casting me almost ashore, and then hurls me out into the river. The point shoots past like lightning.

All these events had occurred in a space of time incredibly short, in a period to be counted by seconds, not by minutes. No bolt, shot from warlike engine, ever went swifter than I sped now. A long, deep breath, when I found I had missed the point, and I was nearly in the centre of the rapids, right above the Horse-Shoe. An instant only separated me from Eternity.

Yet what an experience was crowded into that instant! I saw everything around me as plainly as if I had been an unconcerned spectator. The rapids, just before reaching the Falls, lose their turbulence, approaching the precipice smooth and majestically slow. The volume of water, it will be remembered, comprises the drainage of half a continent, the contents of five mighty inland seas, and therefore its depth, at this point, must be enormous. Whatever inequalities of rock there may be below, the surface, in consequence, is undisturbed. Arriving at the edge of the abyss, it seems to pause a moment, and then curves solemnly downward, a mass of translucent green, as polished as a mirror. All this I curiously noted. I saw also the shores rushing past on either side; the white walls of the Clifton House ahead shining calmly in the sun; and the stone tower, that, built out from Goat Island, impended over the cataract to my right. A few people, I observed, had seen my peril. Some were running to the shore and shouting, while others seemed to be paralyzed with horror.

I had now reached the edge of the abyss. I cast a glance upward at the sky, the last I should ever take, and I remember it seemed to me bluer and calmer than ever. A lady, in the tower I have mentioned, seeing me at this moment, sank back into her husband's arms fainting; and it appeared to me that I heard her shriek as she fell. I could now see down the Fall. All around me, as well as above and below, the water was as smooth as glass, my body seeming not even to ruffle the surface, but to be set, mosaic-like, in it, only a few ripples diverging on either side, as from an insect skimming a placid mill-pond. But I could see, that, about half way down, the face of the cataract began to break into fleeting bits of foam, looking like frosted-silver, that came and went in rapid and endless succession. But it was at a vast distance beneath, for high as the Fall had seemed, when viewed upward from Table Rock, it now seemed immeasurably more so as I glanced below, during the one fearful instant that I hung poised on its top. I do not exaggerate when I say that it appeared hundreds, nay! thousands of feet to the abyss at the bottom. It seemed as if ages would pass before I should reach there, ages during which I would be falling and falling forever. And what a bottomless chaos yawned below! I do not know that human language can figure forth that chasm. For between the falling waters and the boiling vortex in front of them, a shaft opened downward, that seemed to run to infinite depths. I remember asking myself should I ever emerge from it? I recalled the fact that I had heard that the bodies of persons, drowned at the Falls, frequently did not come up until they reached the whirlpool, which was miles down the river, and that there they often revolved for days, weeks, and even months. Was there a subterranean connection between the foot of the cataract and the mælstrom? I had just visited the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, where similar under-ground channels existed; and it was not impossible. Or did that shaft, as seemed more likely, in that awful moment, penetrate to primeval chaos in the centre of the globe?

I remember also thinking of the enormous weight of those waters. I had seen strong men, in the surf, prostrated by a single wave. I had myself often been exhausted with a few brief struggles against the in-coming billows. Yet the mass of water, which had thus taken away my breath, was a million times smaller than that which was now pouring over the Falls. Under this awful sledge-hammer, if I may call it such, it would be my fate, in an instant more, to be macerated alive. The weight of that mass of water I knew to be incalculable. Arithmetic shrank back appalled from estimating it in pounds. Yet it would bray me as in a mortar.

All these things passed through my mind with inconceivable rapidity. In sudden deaths the intellect is always preternaturally quickened. I cannot better give an idea of the minute fraction of time consumed, than by saying it was about equal to the period, when one discharges a pistol, between the flash and the report. In that inappreciable period I had experienced all these emotions.

As I felt myself falling, and still falling, I thought of those I loved and who loved me. Then it was that the agony of death came upon me.

——— I woke, with a gasp and pang. I woke, not to another world, but to this.

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I was lying on the grass, beside the little bay where I had first seated myself, and the bees were humming, the leaves whispering, and the waves softly lapping the shore. I had fallen asleep, when contemplating the rapids; and all afterward was a dream.

Yet I give it as a real experience. For had I been actually swept away by the current, and hung poised over the awful abyss, I could not have agonized—I must coin the word—more, or differently.

And I knew thenceforth what few ever know, the full meaning of the prayer in the Litany, for deliverance from *sudden* death.

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THE BOUQUET OF DAISIES.
BY MADAME REVIER.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Sep 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 189

THE BOUQUET OF DAISIES.

BY MADAME REVIER.

It was midnight. I was alone and cosily seated by the side of a good fire that threw its light into the farthest corners of my room. I had no inclination to sleep and yet half-closed my eyes, looked at, without seeing, the thousand charming objects that decorated my chamber and rendered it so agreeable to me; when all at once I was startled by a slight sound. This sound though scarcely audible went right to my heart.

I then roused from the state of torpor in which I had been plunged and looked with terror at a bunch of daisies, quite withered, which occupied a place of honor in a crystal vase on one of my stands. One of the flowers of this bouquet had dropped off, and as it fell produced a slight sound, imperceptible perhaps for any other ear than mine, but which nevertheless went right to my heart.

It was because this melancholy bouquet, the leaves and flowers of which retained no trace of their primitive colors, recalled to my memory a touching story of the heart.

This story is as follows:

Two years before I had gone to visit one of my aunts who possessed a charming seat at Marly-le-Roi, and was to pass part of the summer there. My aunt was a widow, and had an only child, a charming girl only two years younger than myself. Denise, for that was my cousin's name, was seventeen, and I was scarcely nineteen. She was fair, of slender figure, and graceful as maiden could be. Her education and her manners were very superior. She had some talent, but unfortunately she was of a character romantic to excess, and this was frequently a great drawback on her other qualities.

Myself an only daughter, we had been brought up together and loved each other as sisters. My aunt was very rich, and very brilliant offers had already been made for the honor of my cousin's hand. But thus far Denise had declined them all. She intended, she said, to marry only for love, and my aunt was weak enough to yield to her wishes, which she called childish whims.

Denise had often told me that she would give her hand and heart to none but the man who should please her at first sight, and who should be equally smitten with her. It was a foolish fancy! And very often did I lecture her for hours on the subject, and endeavored, but in vain, to bring her to more reasonable views. Poor child! She was one day cruelly to expiate her romantic fancies!

I had been at Marly above a month. I was one morning walking in a pleasant little wood at the extremity of the garden, when I heard the clear silvery voice of Denise calling me in a joyous tone.

"Mary, my dear Mary, where are you?" cried she, running.

I went to meet her.

"Oh! such good news! In the first place, we are going to a ball this evening at the Countess of ***'s, at St-Germain."

"I know it."

"Yes, but you don't know all. To this ball, the brother of one of our dear friends, M. Henry de Kerguereon, a naval officer, on leave for a few days, is to be invited, and——"

"And——" repeated I, seeing her hesitation.

"Well, then, it is for my sake that he comes. I am told that he is handsome and charming young man, who wishes to marry me, but," added she, smiling, "he wants to see me first incognito before coming to our house as a suitor, and for that reason he will be at the countess' to-night. His sister, who cannot be there, has just written to inform me that she has told Henry he may easily recognize me by my toilet, which always consists of a white frock, a bouquet of daisies in the middle of the waist, and a similar one but larger, in my hand——"

"So then," said I, interrupting her, "I must choose other flowers, for you no doubt remember that we are to be dressed as two sisters to-night."

"Yes, indeed, and that is what pleases me so much; so mind you change nothing in our arrangements."

"But," cried I, "how then will this officer recognize you?"

"His heart will guide him," answered my cousin, throwing back her beautiful head in excitement.

"And if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise looked at me fixedly for several minutes, and then exclaimed gaily, "You are pretty, my dear Mary, but there, frankly, I think I am

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before you." Then kissing my forehead, she left me to go and instruct her mother in the part she was to play in this little comedy.

Denise was right; I was not so pretty as herself; her light brown hair encircled with its luxuriant curls a face of remarkable fairness; my hair was dark and simply arranged in bandeaux. Her complexion was fair and rosy, mine pale and colorless; she had fine, large, blue eyes; mine were black, and shaded with long lashes. Her mouth was filled with fine teeth and her rosy lips disclosed when she smiled; my teeth were like hers and my lips redder. But her features were regular, while mine were not.

The whole day I felt uneasy and oppressed. My cousin's project disturbed me, and several times I advised her to give it up, and even threatened to dress differently or to choose other flowers. But she was so urgent in her entreaties that at last I gave way, especially as my aunt who thought the plan charming and very original joined her entreaties to her daughter's.

On the evening of that same day when I entered the drawing-room where my aunt and cousin were waiting for me to start, I trembled like a leaf agitated by the wind, and looked much paler than usual. Denise came and took me by the hand. She also was trembling with emotion, and looked all the more beautiful for it.

The triple skirt of her white tulle dress was raised on the left side by three little tufts of natural daisies, and similar flowers ornamented her hair and corsage.

It was a very simple toilet, but the dress was made by one of the cleverest workwomen in the trade, and fitted her exquisitely.

"Oh!" exclaimed my aunt, "if you were fair, Mary, you two might be taken for two sisters, the same in height, figure, and dress."

"Yes," interrupted I, "but much less pretty than Denise."

"Will M. de Kerguereon be of your opinion?" said my cousin, blushing and smiling.

"No doubt of that!" answered my aunt, hastily.

My heart ached and I trembled more than before.

We set off, and along the road from Marly-le-Roi to St. Germain, we exchanged but very few words.

It was already late when we reached the Countess of ***'s, where all the aristocracy of St. Germain were assembled, as well as the gentry of the neighborhood and part of the officers of the garrison.

After speaking a moment with the noble hostess, we passed through several saloons filled with elegantly dressed crowds, and we at last succeeded, not without some difficulty, however, in finding vacant seats in the gallery where dancing was going on.

I was still trembling and suffering from an uneasiness I cannot describe. At last, making a violent effort to overcome my emotion, I said to Denise,

"Well, now, where is *he?* But," added I, immediately, "how shall you recognize him in the midst of this crowd, since you have never seen him?"

"His sister Adeline tells me in her letter that he is so much like her I cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance, and she also adds that he will probably be the only one of his corps in uniform this evening."

"How old is he? and what is his rank?"

"He is twenty-seven, and a lieutenant. But what ails you?" continued Denise, anxiously, "you are trembling, and frightfully pale."

"Oh! nothing," answered I, "except that the excitement caused by your childish scheme has quite unhinged me. But it will soon be over, so do not be alarmed, and——"

"Here he is!" interrupted my cousin, becoming pale in her turn. "Oh, he is handsome!" bending down her head to her bouquet to conceal a rising blush.

My eyes had followed the direction of hers, and on seeing M. de Kerguereon, I could not help saying, like her, "Oh, yes, he is handsome."

He was a fine young man, of a light and easy carriage, and tall, manly figure. He wore his elegant uniform with an ease and grace full of distinction. His long black hair gave a striking charm to his masculine, expressive, and somewhat sun-burnt countenance. He wore neither beard nor moustache, but his lips of deep red set off to the best advantage the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

His large grey eyes, rather full, were shaded by long and thick lashes which veiled their brightness, and when their glance met mine a sensation I cannot describe thrilled through me.

"I shall love him! Oh! I feel by the beating of my heart that I love him already," said my cousin, leaning toward me.

"Silly girl!" said I, "pray lay aside your romantic notions and wait at least till he has spoken to you and till you know more of him ere you decide; and besides," added I again, "if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise knew she was beautiful, therefore she innocently answered,

"It is impossible!"

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The prelude of a quadrille was now heard. M. de Kerguereon advanced toward us. I was very pale! Denise trembled. My aunt, who sat behind us, suddenly leant forward, and said to us,

"The one he first invites will have his preference!"

Denise trembled very much, and I felt ready to die. I was afraid for my cousin's sake that he might ask me first.

M. de Kerguereon was now only a few steps from us; he appeared calm, and yet his eyes were ardently fixed on us and turned from one to the other. He was hesitating perhaps! At last he came, and addressing Denise,

"Miss," said he, with a gentle, thrilling voice, "will you grant me the honor of dancing the first quadrille with me?"

"Yes, sir," answered she, making a great effort to overcome her emotion.

"Miss," said M. de Kerguereon, again bending toward me, "may I have the happiness of dancing the first waltz with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, in my turn, in a voice scarcely audible, feeling that the young officer's eyes were fixed on me.

He offered his hand to Denise and she went with him, radiant and proud of her triumph.

My aunt's face was beaming, she was so happy at the preference accorded to her daughter, and I began to breathe when the officer of dragoons came to request the honor of dancing with me, and conducted me opposite to M. de Kerguereon and my cousin whose vis-a-vis we were.

When, after the quadrille, Denise and I found ourselves again seated side by side, she recounted to me her impressions, and I was alarmed to find what a pitch of excitement she had reached.

"Mary," she said, "I love him; oh! that is no longer doubtful; and I can assure you that if he should not love me it would be my death."

Her words bore such an accent of truth that I trembled for her.

Some minutes passed before the prelude of the waltz was again heard. I was calmer, but curious to see and hear the officer who was likely to have so great an influence over my cousin's future fate.

When he took my hand, I thought I felt his tremble, and I could no longer doubt, when borne along in the whirl of the waltz, I felt the pressure of his strong arm around my waist. His heart beat violently and his breathing was short and uneven. At times, by a movement of irresistible power he seemed eager to press me against his breast; at others, on the contrary, he gently held me off, and we waltzed away, and had not yet exchanged a single word.

I was not like my cousin, having no faith in sudden passions, inspired all at once at first sight by the exchange of a look or the contact of one hand with another.

And nevertheless—must I avow it?—I felt happy! Yes, indeed, very happy!

I was under the influence of a vague sensation till then utterly unknown. Never had the pleasures of the waltz caused me any such intoxication; but, too weak to support such emotions any longer, I said to M. de Kerguereon,

"Pray, sir, let us rest a moment!"

He took my hand, and laying it on his arm,

"Are you unwell, Miss?" inquired he with a trembling voice.

"Oh! it is nothing, sir; only the heat."

He hastily took me near an open window looking into the garden.

"It is rather stormy," resumed he after a moment's silence; "perhaps that is the cause of your indisposition, Miss."

"Probably, sir," I answered; "but I am better now," and in saying this I involuntarily raised my nosegay to my lips; one of the flowers broke off, and after rolling down my dress fell at M. de Kerguereon's feet; he stooped and picked it up.

"Allow me, Miss," said he, "to keep this flower."

I had the weakness not to answer; it was a tacit consent.

M. de Kerguereon's eyes shone with a feverish brightness, but he said not a word more and conducted me in silence to my seat.

"Well!" asked Denise, some few minutes after; "how do you like him now you have had a nearer view?"

"Passably well," answered I, with some indifference.

My cousin exclained against my coldness and want of enthusiasm about the young naval officer, and began to make a pompous elogium of him. She compelled me to notice his graceful manners, manly beauty, and distinction. He was, she declared, the very ideal she had dreamed! Poor girl!

I listened to her, and felt a pang of remorse, for I reproached myself with not having found an opportunity of telling M. de Kerguereon that it was she whom he ought to love. She! and was it she indeed whom he preferred, as he had engaged her first? Why then had he labored under such strong emotion when dancing with me? Why had he taken and begged that flower, if he preferred her? I was lost in a labyrinth

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of conjectures like these, and my head was burning.

Denise said that I was cross.

M. de Kerguereon danced once more with my cousin. I refused another partner that I might watch and see if he would be with Denise as he had been with me. He appeared cold and collected, and for that very reason much more graceful. He made the most of all his advantages; he possessed all his presence of mind. A moment came, however, when I saw him turn pale. Denise looked toward me. No doubt they were talking of me, but what did they say?

I was no longer myself; I, usually so calm, cold, and unmoved, now was all feverish; my heart palpitated violently, and a thousand confused ideas were racking my brain. Was it love? I do not know, if so, love was painful to me!

M. de Kerguereon brought Denise back to her place and asked me no more. My heart felt a keen pang; but what did I feel, good heavens! when my cousin, whispering into my ear, said,

"Mary, I have betrayed myself; I spoke to him of his sister when looking at you and telling him how we loved each other. But what signifies now? has he not found me out? Since he asked me to dance twice to your once, and then he scarcely spoke to you, while with me he was as pleasing and amiable as possible."

"Oh!" added she, throwing back her luxuriant curls by a graceful movement of the head; "oh! I am so happy, for, I must own that I was afraid for a moment he would prefer you to me; now I have no reason to doubt."

We did not see M. de Kerguereon again, and it was doubtless on that account Denise complained of fatigue and wished to return to Marly. He was no longer at the Countess de ***'s, and the ball had no more charms for her.

The next morning I had got much calmer, and nothing remained of the incidents of the evening but a vague and confused idea. Denise on the contrary was in a very excited state, which frightened me, and for the first time alarmed my aunt herself, always so weak and indulgent toward her daughter. But Denise seemed so certain that M. de Kerguereon was about to ask her hand in marriage that my aunt took confidence.

We had just breakfasted, the hour for the second delivery was near, and my cousin awaited it with impatience, for she fully expected a letter from Mlle. de Kerguereon.

Denise was not disappointed, for the letter came.

Oh, heavens! how fresh are all the details of that terrible scene in my memory!

It was a beautiful day in August, about one o'clock; the atmosphere was close and the heat intolerable. We were all three in the saloon, the windows of which were open and the blinds shut to exclude the burning rays of the sun. My aunt was reading a newspaper, and stopped from time to time to look uneasily at her daughter, who, reclining on a sofa, as pale as the white muslin wrapper that enveloped her person, seemed to be looking hard at vacancy, in a state of anxious expectation. I was at the piano, and my fingers wandered mechanically over the keys.

A servant entered with a letter on a salver.

"For Miss Denise," said he, advancing toward her, and she took it with a trembling hand.

The servant retired.

My aunt hastened toward her daughter and wanted to take the letter; the poor mother was suddenly seized by a terrible presentiment.

Denise gently repulsed her, saying, "No, no, it is for me, and I wish to be the first to know my happiness."

I wanted to approach her, but my strength failed me.

She at last broke open the fatal letter, but had scarcely looked at it, when a livid paleness came over her features; the letter dropped from her hand, and she fell insensible on the sofa.

My aunt rushed toward her, and I rang and ran to get assistance.

My cousin's swoon lasted long, very long; and when she came to herself, she stared at us and burst into a loud laugh. The poor girl paid dearly for the romantic dreams she had indulged: she was insane.

I picked up the letter, the cause of this fatal catastrope. It was as follows:

"I am in despair, my dear Denise, you were not alone at the countess' ball yesterday, and by a singular fatality your cousin (I guess it was she) was dressed the same as you; my brother's heart misled him; he took her for you and is deeply in love with her. Thus are all my fine schemes now overthrown, and I have not courage to tell you any more to-day.

"Accept my kindest love,

"ADELINE DE KERGUEREON."

Some months after my poor aunt died of grief, and Denise was placed in a private asylum as incurable.

M. de Kerguereon solicited my hand, but I replied myself that he could not have it till my cousin was well; and yet I loved him. A short

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time after he sailed for distant seas to remain there several years.

"Now, madam," sorrowfully added, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, the young and charming woman who had related the above history, "the very next day after I had been so deeply moved by the slight rustling of a daisy as it fell from my bouquet, which I had religiously preserved, I learned the death of my young and unhappy cousin. Yes, she died;" and she sighed profoundly.

"And M. de Kerguereon?" said I, inquiringly.

A smile passed over Mary's face, whilst a tear trembled on the end of her long, black eyelashes, as she answered,

"We were married two years ago, madam;" then she added, with a blush, "and are very happy!"

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THE COMMOTION IN GOSSIPDALE.
BY W. S. GAFFNEY.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Sep 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 197

THE COMMOTION IN GOSSIPDALE.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

CARRIE GRAHAM, the belle of Gossipdale, (odd name, isn't it?) was tall and gracefully formed, with complexion as fair as the lily, and cheeks tinted with the hue of the rose. Her eyes—those large, sparkling orbs, were of a cerulean blue, and her golden, silky, braided hair fell over a bosom pure as the heart that beat instinctively beneath. Such was the model of queenly beauty—the "Helen" of Gossipdale.

Gossipdale was not situated upon the sea-side, nor upon the mossy banks of some sparkling stream or quiet lake, as romancers are in the habit of describing the dream-haunts of their imagination—it was a plain, old, inland town, and in fact all which the name purports.

One Sabbath, Parson B——, who had always been punctual heretofore, was missing from the pulpit, and all Gossipdale was astir to know the reason. Some premised that he had gone the day previous to the adjacent town to see a brother minister, and was probably taken ill and forced to remain; whilst others, less scrupulous, positively affirmed that he had rode over to Summerville, where Miss Carrie Graham had but lately established herself as mistress of a large school, and where, it was universally known, she had settled upon the special recommendation and interposition of Parson B——, who always seemed to manifest a particular interest with regard to her welfare.

"Don't it beat all! Who would a thought it!" exclaimed Sally Longtongue.

"Yes, and he an old, grey-headed parson, to think of taking a girl of sixteen! Well, 'old fools are the worst of fools,'" added Betsy Speakall.

"I don't know if it be altogether right to call him an 'old fool,' Betsy."

"And she, the coquettish hussy! I actually believe she is only trifling with the old man. But do you really believe, Sally, that Parson B—— has gone to Summerville?"

"Why, where else on earth would he be, child?" Didn't Ben Sureman pass him on the road, yesterday, heading in that direction. And he didn't even halt to speak, either."

"Well, that's 'gossip' in earnest; wonder what Frank Daley will say when he hears it? Won't he hop about on them long legs of his? ha! ha! ha!"

And here the two worthy representatives of the lower house joined in such a laugh as might have thrown a person of weak nerves into hysterics. But come with me, reader, to the upper house, for you must know that Gossipdale, like all other places of consideration, had its upper and lower order of society.

"It is strange, mysteriously strange," exclaimed the pious Madam Prim. "And indeed it does look somewhat reasonable withall, if those persons in the other end of town are to be relied on."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the more exemplary Mr. Prim, "what do they know in regard to the matter? They form an opinion of their own, and seem no ways backward in giving it expression, even though it be scandal. Could you for a moment lose confidence in our worthy and beloved pastor, on account of the 'idle gossip' of those poor, weak-minded persons who know no better?"

"Indeed I never should have dreamed that Parson B—— could be guilty of such an imprudent step, and yet from his over regard for Miss Graham of late, I think there must be some truth in the matter—what think *you*, Miss Prudence?"

Miss Prudence, (more by name than by nature,) had just stepped in to bear a part in the exciting topic of the day, and readily concedes to the expressed opinion, adding, that she always heard it said "'that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire.'"

"Come, come," interposed the more charitable Mr. Prim, "this will never do. A pretty piece of scandal to weave in the presence of our precious charge, indeed, and all without the slightest foundation. I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that Parson B—— went to Whitehall, but of his detention I cannot account."

Now Parson B—— had been pastor of the little church at Gossipdale for the last fifteen years, and ought to have been exempt from misconstruction. He was a good, pious, upright Christian, apparently, and had been the bosom-friend of the lamented Mr. Graham, which fact explains the would-be mystery of the particular attention paid to his beautiful and fascinating protegee.

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Frank Daley was an old college "chum" of ours, and first cousin to the charming Carrie Graham. Now, however disposed we may be to the union of second, or "forty-second cousins," we do positively and decidedly object to that of cousins german—the opinions of thousands to the contrary, notwithstanding. Frank resided at Whitehall, and though he kept up a regular correspondence with his fair cousin of Summerville, and though he was all devoted to her when in company, yet have we good reason to believe that he bore no nearer relation to her heart than that of cousin. Nor did she lack suitors: for there was young Dr. L——, and Lawyer McC——, of Gossipdale, either of whom would have laid their fortunes at the feet of their heart's idol. And, there was Lieutenant G——, Frank Daley, and (as rumor would have it) Parson B——, of Summerville, besides "somebody else," but that's a secret, who loved the very atmosphere she breathed in.

We are inclined to think, kind reader, that there are many Gossipdales in this "wide, wide world," and though better known by other appellations, they may boast of a majority perhaps of just such folks as graced the real Gossipdale.

But there *was* a wedding at Summerville, for Deacon Goodman, who arrived late in the evening, was the bearer of the despatch. And Parson B—— was there sure enough; and so was Frank Daley; and we have a faint recollection of being present also.

Carrie Graham was the bride—and a lovely-looking bride she was! but who was the groom!

Come, now, all have a right to guess, but please do be patient, only one at a time—now then.

"Why Parson B——, to be sure!"

Not exactly; but, as the Irishman said, "you came so near 'till it, that you missed it intirely!" Parson B—— performed the ceremony, and also gave the hand of the bride to——

"Frank Daley."

Missed it again; but we will not keep you any longer in suspense, lest you become equally as ridiculous as the Gossipdale folks of whom we have been speaking.

We were the groom upon that particular occasion!

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"PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."
BY ELLEN ASHTON.
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pg. 0_009

"PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's marriage. A spoiled beauty, to whom admiration had been daily food, and now about to make what the world called a brilliant match, she could not resist the temptation to triumph over her elder sister, who, though not wanting in personal charms, was still unmarried.

"Only to think, Ellen," she said, "I am more than two years younger than you, and yet am married first. You must make haste."

Ellen smiled. "I am in no hurry," she answered. "When the right one comes along, it will be time enough." She did not add that she might have had Isabel's intended, if she had showed him encouragement at first; for this was a secret she religiously kept from her sister. You know the old proverb, sis, 'Patient waiting no loss.' I don't want to marry until I love; and perhaps I shall never do that."

"You're too particular," said the bride, with a toss of the head. "You expect impossibilities. "You'll go through the wood, and have to cut a crooked stick at last."

"I shall never do that," replied Ellen, firmly. "I'd rather have no stick at all," she added, a moment after, laughingly.

Two years subsequently there was another bridal group in the same mansion. This time the *fiancee* was Ellen's next youngest sister. She also had secured what the world considered a prize; that is she was about to marry wealth, position and—a fool.

"My child," said the mother, who was present, addressing Ellen, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked on the bride, "you at least are left to me."

Ellen pressed her parent's hand in silence. Both shared the same forebodings as to the future happiness of the bride. Isabel's brilliant match had been a failure, for her husband had turned out dissipated; and though she had everything which riches could supply, she carried an aching heart. The mother feared that a similar fate impended over this other daughter; but May had been wilful; and the father, who considered wealth all in all, had taken her side.

"Oh!" cried the bride, "Ellen will be the old maid of the family. Nobody but a prince in disguise will suit her ladyship; and as princes are scarce in this country, she'll have to stay unmarried." She spoke with a slight touch of bitterness, for she remembered her sister's expostulations, when she had begun to favor her intended husband's suit.

No evidence of emotion appeared on Ellen's face, though she was deeply hurt. She answered mildly,

"A prince is the last person I should marry. But you know, May, I am less beautiful than you; and we plain spinsters," and she smiled, "cannot pick and choose like belles. But they say everybody has a mate, and sometime, I suppose, mine will come along. 'Patient waiting,' you know, is 'no loss.' I am in no hurry to marry, however, and leave dear mamma." And she twined her arms around her parent's neck.

Three years more elapsed. Again there was a bride in that household. But still it was not Ellen. Her youngest sister, the loveliest of all, and hardly seventeen, was the one.

"Look at us, ma," said the thoughtless child, as she caught sight of her sister's face and her own in the glass. "I declare Ellen looks old enough to be my mother. You'll soon be putting on caps, sis," continued the gay, pert thing, "for you'll never marry, that I'll answer for: and Harry says so too."

It seemed Ellen's fate to have mortifying things said to her, by her younger sisters, when they were on the eve of marriage. But she remembered how giddy and young Lillian was; and she replied kindly,

"It's quite probable I shall never marry, dear.

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But let me fix that flower differently in your hair. I think Harry will pronounce you lovelier than ever to-night."

"I'm glad you've made up your mind that you'll be an old maid," answered Lillian, as she bent her head to have the flower arranged. "Harry says it's such a pity, when a girl wants to get married, and can't; that every one, old like you, ought to convince herself she'll never have a beau; for she'll be all the happier. But this don't look much like fulfilling your favorite proverb," she said, looking archly at Ellen, "that 'Patient waiting is no loss.' Ah! sis."

"I hold to my proverb yet," replied Ellen, unmoved by this repetition of Henry's remarks. "Unless I could marry suitably, marry one I could reverence and love, it would be better that I should not marry at all. 'Patient waiting is still no loss.' The loss would be, by not waiting, to involve myself in an ill-assorted union."

"Dear me, you frighten me. One would think getting married was a terrible thing," answered the volatile girl. "Harry says you have often a face like a funeral; and I'm sure you look that way now."

Another two years had passed. This time it was Ellen that was the bride. At last she had found one worthy of her, a noble, gifted, true-hearted man, who had recognized her many great qualities by intuition, and had wooed and won her, though not without difficulty. Her sisters were all present at the wedding, and all looked older than she, even Lillian; for none had made happy marriages, and care and disappointment were wearing them out.

Each of the three thought of what she had said to Ellen, and each wished that she had been less governed by the common weakness of her sex, to secure an early settlement in life. "Ah!" said each to her own heart, "Ellen was right. In 'patient waiting there is no loss,' especially in marrying."

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MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.
BY CARRY STANLEY.
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MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I was just sixteen, and was spending the summer at my uncle Jack's, in Summerville, the most beautiful of all Connecticut's beautiful villages. The beau of the place was Phil Darrah. Not that Phil was by any means the only eligible young man in Summerville; but he had a had fortune left him by a maiden aunt; and he was intelligent; and good-looking; and fastidious; and asserted his superiority in such an indisputable way, that everybody yielded as a matter of course.

The first time that I saw him was at church on the Sunday after my arrival. The good, droning old clergyman was reading the first lesson, and the monotonous tone, combined with the wafting of fans, and the warm summer air, had lulled me into a dreamy state most unusual; and I sat and watched the waving boughs through the open window, and thought how much more gloriously their green-leaved tongues talked of heaven, than I feared the paper-leaved sermon on the pulpit would do.

Sydney Smith has said, that "a sparrow fluttering about the church, is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome." This was verified in the case of good Mr. Clarke on this day, for in the midst of the Sabbath stillness there was a slow, measured tread down the carpeted aisle, and the bonnets of white, pink, or blue which had been resolutely turned toward the pulpit, suddenly presented fronts to the aisle, and cheeks dimpled, and eyes lighted as they rested on the handsome young fellow who leisurely sauntered down to the pew in front of the chancel.

"So endeth the first lesson," said the minister, as the intruder took his seat. I telegraphed to my pretty little brown-eyed cousin to inquire his name, but she demurely smiled and turned over the leaves of her prayer book to the *Te deum laudamus.*

Now my uncle Jack never missed anything that was going on in church, asleep or awake. I have seen him kneel down in his pew, and make all the responses as correctly as the clergyman, and indulge in a comfortable nap at the same time. So seeing my telegraphic despatch to Jenny, he whispered to me,

"It's of no use, Carry, you are not rich enough for Phil Darrah. But take care, for he's a dreadful flirt."

"Diamond cut diamond," retorted I, as the congregation arose, and I saw that the individual in question was gazing earnestly at our pew.

I endeavored in vain after this, to fix my thoughts earnestly on the beautiful church service. The green leaves, and the blue sky, and the soft summer air, had no longer power to woo my thoughts to the green pastures and the still waters of the celestial home. I was curiously speculating upon the character of the Adonis in the front pew.

Church was out, and we were sauntering leisurely along under the green arcades which shaded every street in Summerville, when Jenny whispered,

"Here he comes, Carry," and she had scarcely finished ere "he" was at her side, and I was introduced to Philip Darrah.

How pleasantly the weeks glided by, that beautiful summer-time. Oh! the drives, and the sails, and the pic-nics, and the fruit parties. And always by my side was that tall, handsome Phil Darrah, with his grey eyes and curling hair, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of manner that kept my heart in a perpetual flutter.

I say "always," but sometimes as I sat by the parlor window of an evening, I would see him go in at Mr. Loomis' on the opposite corner: and Mr. Loomis' disagreeable niece, with her sixty thousand dollars, who was then on a visit to her uncle, would play and sing for him till I vowed *I* would never touch an ivory key again.

"It won't do, Carry," said my uncle Jack, after one of these evenings, "she sung, 'Am I Not Fondly Thine Own,' last night, and to-day I saw Darrah's coachman leave a magnificent bouquet there."

"Handsomer than this?" said I, rushing into the parlor, and bringing out a vase of superb hot-house flowers in my hand.

"Why, no, I don't know that it was," replied uncle Jack, slowly. "So there are 'two strings to your *beau*,' are they?" and he laughed at his own pun.

"But, Carry, she's rich, child."

"So am I."

"You!" and uncle Jack threw himself back in

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his chair and laughed immoderately, "why you little sinner, you've hardly money enough to keep you from starving."

I walked to the mirror and surveyed myself complacently.

"Yes, sir," said I, turning around to my astonished uncle, "I am rich in good looks, (I *was* thought handsome) and she's such a skinny little thing, that it always puts one in mind of 'the dry bones, rattling.' Then I am rich, sir, in my youth, and hope, and health, and elastic spirits. Oh, I am far richer, uncle Jack; *she* can't buy one of these."

"But Phil Darrah may not value all these as highly as you do, Cad. Sixty thousand dollars with his own fortune is no trifle, child."

"Then he's not worth all *my* riches," said I, contemptuously; but I think now that I must have replaced the vase on the bouquet table with a little temper, for the water flew over my hands and a *souvenir* rose fell to pieces.

But for a week after this, in all our amusements, Philip Darrah was by my side. Adaline Loomis ogled and dressed and sung in vain. All her invitations to "Come rest in this bosom" he virtuously resisted, and I began to think that my riches *were* of the better kind.

The demonstrations on the gentleman's part were growing more marked.

Night after night, I would be wakened by the softest music under my window, and morning after morning a gorgeous bouquet graced my table.

Sometimes the serenade would be given by half a dozen young men, with whom Phil was intimate, who performed on as many different instruments, and all of whom sung well; but I noticed that if our last conversation had had at all of a serious or sentimental turn, that my serenade was always of the softest, love-inspiring flute solo, or an exquisite song with a guitar accompaniment. Occasionally too, instead of the compact pyramided bouquet, there would be left at the hall-door for me, a few white and blush rose-buds, half-buried in heliotrope and mignonette.

What impressible girl of sixteen could withstand all this? I sighed profoundly when the solitary serenader took a last look at my window and departed; and always carried the unpretending rose-buds and heliotrope up to my chamber.

I was entirely satisfied with the state of affairs. Of all things that Philip Darrah excelled in, and they were many, he excelled in nothing so much as horsemanship.

I have many a time watched him as far as I could see him down the street, as he passed by on brown Tom, his fine figure having nothing of the rigidity of the awkward exquestrian; but seemingly moved by the same impulse as the horse, he accommodated himself with the most flexible grace to its every motion. The beast seemed proud of being managed by such a master. I have almost clapped my hands when I have seen him go prancing by, with eyes flashing, neck arched, and nostrils snorting, and have been quite as ready to resign my heart to the horse as to the man.

"Miss Carry," said Phil, entering my uncle's parlor one evening, "we are going to make up an equestrian party for the day after to-morrow, and you *must* go. We shall start a little after daylight, take breakfast at old mother Jones', at Silver Spring, and return before the day gets worn."

"But I was never on a horse in my life, Mr. Darrah. I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Why you are the most courageous lady in our sailing parties. You are not afraid."

"Not at all afraid, but I should be frightfully awkward, and I do not care to risk my reputation."

"*You* could not be awkward," was the reply, in a low voice, and a tone that sent the blood dancing around my heart.

This last sentence determined me. I would not run the gauntlet of comparison with Addy Loomis, who, I knew was to be of the party, and who was an accomplished horsewoman.

But the next evening, Phil came again to resume his persuasions. I felt that I could not get off, without being rude, and in truth, I had some curiosity to know what a ride on horseback was like. At last I consented to go, and Mr. Darrah went out to engage a horse for me, and send me down a habit and hat which belonged to a married sister.

I slept but little that night. There was a certain *empressement* in my admirer's manner, when he took my hand at parting, which made me feel that it required only a favorable opportunity for me to be invited to be Mrs. Philip Darrah.

I felt some anxiety too, as to the becomingness of my habit and hat. I was up by the peep of day that I might practise gathering up my skirt gracefully.

The lady to whom the dress belonged, was unfortunately as slender as a bean-pole, whilst I considered myself proportioned more after the fashion of the Venus de Medici. I pulled and tugged at the hooks and eyes till my finger bones were almost broken. I went to the bed and woke my cousin, who declared she would

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not get up at that hour of the day, to go on such a party, for the best horse in Christendom.

"Jenny," said I, in despair, "it will require a windlass to bring this body together. Do get up and help me."

Jenny rubbed her eyes, got out of bed good-naturedly, and then sat down and laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, Jenny!" I exclaimed, dolefully, "do stop and help me. It won't meet by a quarter of a yard."

"Put a piece of black cloth underneath, and then fasten a hook here and there if you can," she at length suggested.

So it was arranged, more to the satisfaction of the eye than to the comfort of my person, for I felt as if I was in a vice. But my black plumed hat was becoming, and I tried to make the best of it.

At last I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and saw the party stop at Mr. Loomis' for Addy. I felt some misgivings at the moment, but when I saw her put her foot in Phil Darrah's hand, and spring like a bird to her horse, the whole thing seemed so easy that I was reassured. She settled herself in her saddle, and gathered up her reins with all the calmness of a thorough horsewoman.

The party then came across for me. There were four or five ladies, all of whom were accustomed to riding. I descended, and opened the hall-door just as Phil mounted the steps.

The first thing I did, was to get my feet so entangled in the skirt of my dress, in spite of my practise, that I was precipitated into Mr. Darrah's arms. It might have been in a worse place, to be sure, but still it was awkward.

Addy Loomis sat and toyed with her whip, and watched me maliciously.

"Place your left foot on my hand, Miss Carry, if you please," said Phil, who saw that I did not know how to proceed when I got to the horse.

I did as directed, with both hands hanging by my side.

"Take the snaffle in your right hand, and then grasp the pommel," said my instructor.

I did not know the snaffle from the martingal.

Phil dropped my foot, placed the rein in my hand, (I thought it took him longer to do it than was absolutely necessary) and showed me how to take hold of the pommel.

"I am dreadfully awkward," said I, my face burning, and feeling ten times more nervous, when I saw the smile on Addy Loomis' countenance.

"Not at all awkward," was the reply, "you will do famously when you are once on. You must permit me to give you some lessons. Now spring, from your right foot."

I did spring, but somehow my joints doubled up like a carpenter's rule, and down I came, with my left foot still in Phil's hand, though I think he was standing some distance further off than when I first attempted to mount.

"Try again," said my instructor. "Let me take your foot with both my hands, then keep your left limb stiff, and I am sure we can manage it."

I did try again vigororously. I performed the rule action the second time, in spite of being told to keep my joints stiffened. I got half-way up the side of the horse, and clinging to the saddle, there I hung, like Mahomet's coffin. I think now, that I must have given the looker's on the benefit of some frog like motions with my lower limbs, for I know I worked them vigorously before I got to the saddle. When once there I seated myself triumphantly, pannier-fashion, with my face toward uncle Jack's front door, and my right ear on a line with my horse's head.

"Put your right limb over the pommel," was Phil's next order, with an annoyed look. His face was dreadfully flushed, too; no doubt with the effort of raising one hundred and twenty pounds, dead weight; and the faultless kid gloves very much split.

"Now take your rein in your left hand," proceeded Phil, as he gathered up the reins which I had dropped in my scrambling and gave them to me.

"The left hand!" exclaimed I, for I could argue if I could not ride horseback, "why that's preposterous. As if the right hand was not much stronger and more dexterous than the left."

"The left hand is the proper one, nevertheless," was the cool rejoinder of my companion, who was being vexed at the ridiculous aspect of affairs.

"Well I'll try it, but if I do not like it I shall certainly use the other," said I, resolutely.

I happened to glance just then at my chamber window, and there was that vixen of a Jenny peeping through the blinds, and laughing till the tears ran down her face. She was gesticulating violently at the same time, and pointing to my boddice. I looked down, and found that in my efforts to mount, I had broken off nearly every hook which kept it together. To drop the reins and seize my dress by both hands, was the work of an instant. In the meantime, the rest of the party had started forward. My horse followed in a hard trot, in spite of my screaming out "ho, wo now, stop," and all the other phrases in the equine vocabulary. I instinctively grasped

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my dress with my left hand, while I pulled on the reins with my right, till I jerked the curb so hard that the horse stood on his hind feet.

Just then Phil missed me, and looked around. There was an amused expression on his face as he caught sight of me in this comical position.

"Don't use your curb, Miss Carry," he said, "Old Nick isn't used to it."

"Old Nick!" I exclaimed.

I was in despair. He was known as one of the roughest, most obstinate beasts in Summerville. But I would not ask to go back. There was a spirit of endurance in me that would have made me a martyr in the days of the early church. So I bounded along, rising nearly a foot from the saddle at every step the horse took, till I felt as if flesh and bones were beaten to a jelly.

Sometimes my right hand, sometimes my left, sometimes both hands were employed to hold in my tormentor. He seemed to have a vicious desire to keep half a length ahead of every other horse of the party.

"If he would only canter it would be easier, but he won't," said Phil, coming to my side.

"I *feel* that," replied I, grasping at my boddice again. "It was very kind of you to procure me so fine a hackney," I continued, bitterly.

"I am very sorry; but you decided to go at so very late an hour, that every decent horse in the place was engaged."

All this was said with the comfortable feelings of a person who knew that he was riding splendidly, and looking supremely handsome. Brown Tom was in the best of spirits, and went along in a slow, stately gait, his mouth so light that the tension of rein did not make a crease in his master's glove. Phil's jockey cap was set jauntily on the top of his brown curls, and his velvet riding-coat was of the most unexceptionable fit.

What a contrast I presented! With what pins I could find, I had managed to stick one here and there in my boddice, between the bounces of Old Nick, but now it was requiring whichever hand I was not using, to keep my hat straight and the hair out of my eyes. The very hair that I had been so proud of, in its length and abundance, nearly drove me wild. At last down it came, and I went along bounce, bounce, thump, thump, till it enveloped me like the Lady Godiva's.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached Silver Spring. Never was a poor soul as glad of a respite from torture as I was. I attempted to jump from my horse, as I saw others do, but was so stiff and bruised that I pitched headlong, for the second time that morning, into Phil Darrah's arms.

Mrs. Jones, who expected us, had breakfast ready, and after binding up my hair, I determined not to think of the return, but to enjoy myself as much as possible.

As for that Addy Loomis, she hopped around like a bird, pitying me, and talking of the delights of riding on horseback at the same time. Phil asked me to be helped to a second saucer of strawberries, but *insisted* upon *her* taking more. I felt that my kingdom had departed.

How I dreaded the return home only the uninitiated victim of a hard trotting horse can tell. When once seated, I thought I should never be able to move again.

I did not trust to my skill in mounting from Phil's hand this time, but got on Old Nick's back in the good old orthodox fashion—from a chair.

My return commenced with the old bounce, bounce, enlivened occasionally with a flap of the arms, very much like that of the wings of a rooster before he crows.

At last I got out of all patience, and taking the whip, which I had hung on the crutch of the saddle, not knowing how to hold it and my horse too, I gave Old Nick half a dozen cuts, as hard as my strength and temper would let me lay on.

The beast gave a spring, put his head down between his fore legs, *I* thought, and was off.

I was charmed with the experiment; the gait was so easy; and shouted back in my triumphant delight to those I had left. I never looked around, but I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind me for awhile, and then I pleased myself with the idea that *I* had distanced them all.

On and on, went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging.

Women and children rushed out of cottages at our approach, and the men working in the fields threw down their implements, and hurried to the road-side. But what cared Old Nick and I for their admiration? How we gloried in our wild-huntsman gallop, and how stirringly the fresh morning air whizzed through our ears. I took no heed of the way, for I philosophically concluded that my horse knew it better than myself, and on we went.

At last I noticed that we had left the high road, and turned up a narrow lane. I had not time to wonder at our whereabouts, when, in the midst of his full career, Old Nick stopped, with his head over a fence.

He nearly had me over it too. The shock was awful, and I found myself entirely off the saddle,

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on the top of the pommel, with both arms around the horse's neck. After the first moment of bewilderment was over, I cautiously made my way back to the seat of the saddle.

Then came the tug of war with the beast. Take his head from over the fence, or his eyes off that green field, he would not.

My ride had given me courage. I pulled and whipped, and coaxed, all to no purpose. The horse was as immovable, and as deaf to my tones of endearment, as the bronze one in the equestrian statue of Washington.

Presently a prolonged "whinney" and a frightful shaking of the animal's whole body, nearly startled me from my seat. I looked across the field, and answering the salutation, there came a great black beast, full tilt, tail and mane flying, as he made his way toward us. I expected every moment that Nick would attempt to take the fence to meet him, but the imperturbable old fellow only gave a slight grunt of satisfaction. Then they put their heads together, and appeared to hold a long communication by means of some kind of equine magnetic telegraph.

I pulled and whipped and coaxed away again, all to no purpose. I did not know then, what I afterward discovered, that Old Nick had vivid recollections of having passed all the spring in that same green field with his ugly black companion.

I would not give up, but I was beginning to tire of this "masterly inactivity," when to my great relief, I saw Phil Darrah and some of the gentlemen coming rapidly down the lane.

"Thank heaven! you are not dashed to pieces," was the first exclamation I heard.

I looked around triumphantly, and said,

"Oh, I have had a delightful ride. How much better Old Nick's canter is, (you call it a canter, don't you?) how much easier it is than that horrid trot."

"He never cantered a step in his life. He was running away with you," said Phil, evidently out of all patience.

"Was he? well, I didn't know it. I wish he would always run away with me then," was my cool rejoinder.

By this time the ladies of the party came up. Each had to tell how frightened she was, and Addy Loomis declared she had nearly fainted. From joy, I suppose.

The ugly customer in the field was whipped away, and Old Nick tugged at till he condescended to turn his head toward his oats. We walked the rest of the way home peaceably.

I dismounted at the door, and went up to my bed, where I lay three days unable to move without a groan, from the pain, and without the power to raise my hands to my head.

I missed the most splendid pic-nic of the season, up at the "Pond of White Lilies," and where Phil proposed to Addy Loomis.

I returned home in the fall, and immediately took riding lessons of the best teacher I could find. I can sit a horse now like Kiss' Amazon, but I shall never forget that I was not only nearly beaten to a jelly, but lost Phil Darrah by that "FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE."

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PROPULSION: A FRAGMENT.
BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.
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PROPULSION: A FRAGMENT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

My frame is tortured with unrest, and I mock at my own sufferings as, I fancy, Satyrs mock and laugh at grief. I have no discipline! Thirty-two years of winter and summer have yielded me nothing but the shadows of cherished things, and I have utterly refused to school my desires or tone down my yearning. I shall do henceforward as heretofore, for I cannot be prudent—I cannot save myself. It is better to perish in boyhood than live for thirty-two years, gradually decaying with the wear of impulse. Better scream with hot rage, at times, than always to repress it. Yesterday I bit quite through my lip, with only a little thinking, and that screech, which made my neighbors tremble in their beds last night, came from me—respectable man that I am—as I agonized with stultified intensity. In the morning, when the cool breath of a thousand flowers touched my burning face, I said, "good day" to my fellows, and not one of them knew that the blandness of my voice was but the suppression of a wail.

It calms me to write! This sunset light struggling into my chamber, falls across my cold hand, and I am soothed, as though gratitude might be in me.

My brick from the palace of Sardanapalus, has fallen to the floor and crushed a skull which I bought from a phrenologist, for its moral. The man whose brain once filled it, may have died because he had a mighty thought that he could not articulate nor make available, and so with an earnest, madly earnest soul he pursued his darling chimera alone, by night and by day—spurning advice or beseechments, until even in the rewarding hour his life was a sham and a perversion, and so he gave it up. Ah! I have not been a true observer of things. Pain has supplanted thought; as sweet odors, enjoyed by an enthusiastic student of them, will surely one day pall upon the too well taught sense.

Why do I forever peep "behind the throne?" Is it that I may teach Claude or Henry how to make money and become wonderful, whilst at the very juncture when my own affairs need but the exertion of an instant to perfect them, I have looked away and sneered?

This story of my last few days is only one of seasons in which my life-time has been all throbbing and ecstasy, with terrible ringings in the ears, and at far intervals a calm—not pure and peaceful, but without rest—a calm in which my heart has stood still—dead still, so that I have not breathed. Then balm and beauty, and ineffable sounds were borne into and about me as by a sigh, like the suspension of a floss-like and intangible dream—bewildered of gorgeous Persia, or perhaps clearly and searchingly chastened as if Diana in her white robes had blessed me.

There is cruel deviltry, and disorder, and doubt in him who *fails*, and still more we discern in the essayist who strives for no purpose *but* failure, a sorrow and a curse which has no name.

A young friend of mine is lately married. I am not married. When I say "friend of mine," I mean that we shake hands and wish each other well—in short, that we are acquainted. He is pretty head-strong—quite slow of discernment, and sanguine. He wears a corn-color stock, and makes a good show in his buttoned gaiters and cinnamon waistcoat. But, oh! she is glorious! A true woman—of deep and tender sensibility, and a faculty for loving that constantly prompts her to sweet sayings, brimful of gentle images. Her eyes are large and prominent—almost they look strained sometimes—and one delicate vein which reaches over the white part, is now and then visible by its surcharge, as from emotion. When her hand has met mine, it has been soft and moist, and a subtle thrill goes through me at its touch. She is very fair—nearly too pale. I like to think of her most, as she looks, in the glow from crimson curtains. I do not love the woman and she does not love me. She is not brilliant, does not talk much, hardly ever sings; but I hear her repeat touching little verses now and then, and when she talks of flowers, it is because she knows them by their separate beauties, and loves them. What ails me I cannot divine! I often meet the gentleman at the post-office or in the wine-house, and occasionally we proceed toward his home. During these foolish visits I sometimes choke to see them so cheerful, and am an ass that I do not rush out and depart forever from their presence. It is queer! Latterly I doubt if they are both entirely happy.

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Whilst I talked the other evening, in the moonlight which shone through the geranium branches at their window, a sudden pain struck through my breast, as I wondered if both were satisfied. The thought would not be dismissed, and presently—my imagination increasing her womanliness momentarily, and exhausting his shallowness—became too much for me, and I stifled and staggered out for air. Heaven! could he have ever struck her, that she looks so meekly at him?

Day-times I do not work, but I go and ask him to drink liquors with me at "The Hall," and I turn up my green glass mug as if I were drinking the last drop in it, so that I can look at his face through the distorting, thick bottom; it shows so pinched and out of shape. Aroused from an abstract mood, I reply to his tedious joke, which he intended me to smile affably at, with a little eldritch, hysteric-y skriek. He does not suspect me yet. I wish you could see the lady! Her skin is thin and white, and her hair (a braid of it is before me now) is very light and fine. She is a radiant woman!

One night we had wine—all of us, and I urged her to drink, and in the morning I cursed myself for an arrant wretch. That May morning—shall I outlive its mental tumult? Tears were in her eyes as she offered me violets, and listened. I took all the blame—all the disgrace—I fairly whined with strange and uncalled for agony as I went on, and just one moment before her astonishment and disgust would certainly have fallen upon me, her own unhappiness and womanly shame were in her mind, and she met me in my mouth with her scarlet lips. The kiss she gave me—I understand it well, was partly prompted by pity, and partly by thankfulness toward, and trust in me. My mouth was dry and feverish, and my face scorched with excitement. Her cheek was pallid, and her lips gave cool, fragrant pressure unto mine.

I tag her husband around the city streets, into theatres, and kindred miserable places that I hate, and he talks to me flippantly about affairs that I forgot years ago. I detect myself calculating the number of days that he or I may live, and within this hour I threw away my silver-mounted pistol. Seven tall poplars stand like stern giants about their house, and when the wind blows at night they hiss at me with their leaves as I walk in the grim shadows. Oh! she is too good, too pure and full of sex, but alas! the old fatality, the urgement which pumps through my heart so rapidly, will not be restrained. This feeling, which I have said before, is not love, will accompany me until I die. Utterly hopeless it must be—a surge—a wildness. Those bright red lips will haunt me—her dear, kind, winning voice and graceful walk and way in everything she does, will crucify me each hour beyond my strength.

All this time I might be keeping a dry-goods store, or superintending a noisy mill, or amusing myself by striving after office. My life is dearer to me than ever before. I am passionate and full of energy, which will relax only when the vital force gives way, and coldness as of dead ashes smothers the faint fire that will flicker in my old worn-out heart. I am all wrong, and I alone will suffer.

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KALADORA ANDROS;: OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT. PART II.
BY JOHN QUINCY TRUAX.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Oct 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 4.; American Periodicals
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KALADORA ANDROS;

OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY JOHN QUINCY TRUAX.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 168.

PART II.

THERE! Not only was her own ammunition wasted, but here was a sudden red-hot shot plump, as it were, into her very magazine. She could not have been more startled by a smart slap in the face. She fairly jumped; but charged it upon her metropolitan weak nerves, and Mr. Bemis' sudden look.

"Kaladora Andros," said she, meditatingly, "where have I seen it? Oh, I'll tell you. It was signed to a Bloomerist letter in the Home Journal a few weeks ago, was it not? A *nom de plume?*"

So she spoke, half jeeringly. But her heart beat like a trip-hammer; and, "How *could* he find out?" and "Can he *possibly* know?" if printed in capitals a foot long, would utterly fail to shadow forth the intensity of her aspirations after certainty. But his quiet manner reassured her, as he answered,

"Yes. Not Bloomerist, however, unless that means 'natural.' Indeed, the letter was so true that I wonder it was written, or published."

"Do you think so?" asked Flora, preparing to resume her weapons. "Then you read it with great interest, doubtless—especially the very lady-like advertisement at the end?"

"Why, yes; I was interested, to-be-sure; but not so much as others. But I only gave a Yankee answer to your question about my preoccupation. I was looking at the faces, to see if I could fix upon any as belonging to the secret Kaladora—the 'Beautiful Gift.'"

This, thought Flora, if he can accomplish it, might plague me.

"You said you were not so much interested in it as others," said she. "Isn't there some delightful secret which you could tell me about it? There must be. Don't you know who wrote the answer?"

"No. Not both of them. I saw that there were two. And, by the way, I have been wondering, also, if Miss Kaladora has sent for the enclosure."

"But who wrote either of them?" asked Miss Meriam, perhaps suffering her extreme curiosity to stretch her politeness a little.

"I promised not to tell," answered Mr. Bemis.

"How rude I was!" exclaimed the lady. "But I suppose I must take refuge under an excuse I like less than the fault."

"Curiosity? I think men have as much of it as women—perhaps more. I'm sure I don't see how the most feminine of women could feel a keener eagerness to discover anything, than I do to find out this lady. What a free mind she must have!"

"Free! to say, out of a safe secrecy, things which she dares not become responsible for? I don't apprehend that *that* is a very admirable freedom."

"I do not mean that she is so free from the expedient conventionalities of societiy as to be unsexed, but free and bold in thought," replied the young man. "I think she—or he—must be a noble person."

The two young people talked and promenaded together a long time; and became so rapidly acquainted that Mr. Bemis at last volunteered to give Miss Meriam all the information in his power about the answer to the newspaper letter.

"I promised," he said, "not to tell who *wrote* it, but no more. I may say, however, that the writer was a person of a very imaginative and sanguine temperament. And he had some visionary scheme for procuring an interview with his fair one at some public meeting, which he alluded to, I believe, in the last words of his epistle."

Perhaps, thought Flora, he *was* intending to declare himself in the midst of the audience, as I imagined.

"But," continued Mr. Bemis, "he was taken ill almost immediately afterward, and is now rusticating for his health, with a pale face, a shaved head, and a wig until the hair grows which the fever eradicated for him. He doesn't look much like a 'ladies man' now. But as to my 'astounding disclosures' about the letter—you promise most faithfully not to tell, do you, Miss Meriam?"

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She did, most inviolably.

"*I* excogitated and dictated the answer, then, myself; to gratify my friend, and in fact myself too; for I was interested in the first letter. I did not write with my own hand, lest my staring manuscript should betray me. My amanuensis was not exactly pleased with my sentiments—there was not enough romance in them for him—for you must know that he aspires after Tennyson and Browning and Bailey and the rest; and wants to be a poet-soul."

"He is firing too low," said Miss Meriam. "He should aspire, not after poets, but poetry."

She spoke as if to herself. She was considering how, after all, she *had* seen the writer of the note, at the Tabernacle, on the evening of the lecture. There was good reason why the speaker had not, in that address, referred to the letters in the Home Journal. And she remembered the impassioned oratory of that evening; the noble presence of the man; his thoughtful, intellectual face; his eyes, full of deep, searching looks, and seeing so clearly; that he was seeking, too, after her whom he had within his reach—even holding his arm.

The veil of her disguise seemed too thin. She feared a discovery, with a painful fear. The danger that he should detect her by some nameless similarity of her spoken and written words, frightened her. Her purposes of attacking and confounding an enemy, all fled. She felt herself irresistibly put on the defensive—in the case of an inferior power, in a hostile land, whose only safety is in avoiding discovery. In spite of herself she could not escape a provoking trepidation, nor an embarrassing blush. In what a disagreeable position had her foolish forwardness placed her! Oh, that she had never committed to the bare publicity and common criticism of the thousand prying eyes which spy upon the newspapers, thoughts which should scarcely have been breathed or acknowledged to herself! Yet, again, what chance of discovery? Her secret, after all, was safe in her own bosom, and there it should remain. No casual acquaintance, with eyes of blue, or green, if you please, should read *her* soul!

All these thoughts chased through her mind, in rapid and tumultuous disorder. Her companion inquired whether she was indisposed, or discomforted by the heat of the room? Not at all. Would she have an ice or a glass of water? Nothing, she thanked him. She sat down, however, saying that she believed she was fatigued; and fell to watching the dancers. Two tall and graceful girls, sisters, were dancing a redowa, with an airy lightness and truth of step that enchanted Flora's eye; for like many persons of musically sensitive temperament, she was most delicately and critically susceptible to the graces of timed motion. She watched intently the weaving circlings of the two beautiful dancers; and in gazing, and in listening to the full, sweet strains of the deliciously executed dance-music, she quite forgot her advertisement and her perplexity.

She was startled by a half-articulate exclamation from Mr. Bemis. But upon looking at him she saw with some surprise that he had buried his face in his hands, as if plunged in the profoundest meditation. He quickly sat erect, however; looked intently upon his companion; and while his deep, blue eyes fairly flashed, and he blushed and all but laughed aloud in unrestrained delight, said in an eager, low tone,

"Are you not Kaladora Andros?"

Oh, shame! Oh, sudden revelation of disgraceful truth; feared before, yet not disgraceful until now, flashed so startlingly upon her conscious vision! Oh, fearful folly! to have undertaken to plague another with allusions to a fact, and to have that very fact sprung, as a shattering mine of reproach, beneath her very feet!

Shame, therefore, and sorrow, revolving into deep anger, rushed in a whirling, blinding flood over the maiden's soul. She spoke, however, promptly and wrathfully, through burning flushes that crimsoned her fair face into intolerable heat, and withholding, by desperate volition, the hot tears, that brimmed to her eyelids, from further overflow; looking not at him, but upon the floor at her feet; striving, but with a bitter consciousness of utter failure, to hide the real truth with which she had meant to annoy another, but which had recoiled, like an unfaithful weapon, to explode upon its careless owner.

"What business have you to ask me such an intolerably insolent question as that?"

She felt the heavy sofa tremble; and she felt that it was the trembling of his anger at her insulting words. He answered, however, with hardly a moment's delay, and without other sign of emotion than a sort of stiff steadiness of tone,

"I beg your pardon. But you will attract attention. I spoke without thought of displeasing you, or of anything except delight at my discovery——"

"Thank you, sir, for your hint about other people," she broke in. "I am strangely ill. Be kind enough to excuse me, if you please——"

He was gone. He sent the young hostess, however, to assist Miss Meriam, who left the room, and after a short delay, the house. So did

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T. Bemis, Esq., after a long interval of very indistinct and unsatisfactory cogitation, and an abortive attempt or two at being entertaining.

Perhaps the circumstances were not sufficient to warrant the almost unfeminine distemperature of Flora Meriam. But that impulsive and petted young lady had hardly learned to keep a wish over night to see if it would live until morning. She had not, in fact, really thought that her communication would be even answered. And the only consideration which had justified her to herself in her bold little experiment, was the reflection that the secret of her conspiracy—one may conspire with one's self as well as talk with one's self, mayn't he?—was impenetrably her own, to be revealed at her option. And the screen was torn away, as it were, from her very inmost consciousness, and by the hand of a perfect stranger! And besides, she had not thought at all upon the possible results to herself of an actual discovery—for who would consider the effects of an impossible cause?—and so she was assaulted, not only by the knowledge of the actual robbery, as it might almost be called, of her secret, but by a sudden and overpowering sense of shameful publicity; for in the instantaneous rush of passion she could only feel that it must be and was *known*—no matter to whom or to how many—that she had advertised for men's acquaintance! No wonder, after all, that the poor little lady was almost frantic with vexation and anger.

Nor did she easily recover from her dissatisfaction; but grieved and fretted so much that even Mr. Meriam himself, from behind his Journal of Commerce, and from among his profound meditations upon "cornering," stocks, and shares, perceived it, and in his jocular way remarked, one morning, that he was worried at her losing her appetite.

"You are losing flesh, I believe, too. I declare I don't know but we must advertise for a husband for you, Flo; you'll be an old maid before you know it."

The old gentleman's chance hit "told" heavily; Flora blushed scarlet, first with fear, lest her father had heard of her foolish venture in newspapers, and then with anger, at him, herself, and things in general. For by this time she had fallen into that enviable and lovely frame of mind when any little displeasure, like a slight hurt in some unhealthy conditions of body, exasperates and spreads until it covers and disfigures everything near it. So she speedily arose and departed, quite unceremoniously, from the breakfast-room, into her own inaccessible realms; while Mr. Meriam went down town in such deep doubt what his daughter's trouble might be, that he took the wrong stage, and landed at Grand Street Ferry, when he had meant to disembark under the tall spire of Trinity.

Flora remained invisible all day—this was nearly a week after the *eclaircissement* at the party—in unfathomable perturbation of mind.

In the evening came Mr. Bemis—an uninvited and perhaps an unwelcome guest. He sent up his name, and was ushered into the drawing-room, whither Miss Meriam entered after some delay. She greeted him right coldly, and remained standing, as much as to say, "Had you any business with me, sir?"

Bemis, who rose as she entered, also remained standing. He took from his pocket-book a note, which he laid upon the table, saying,

"I wished to restore you that."

Somewhat startled at the word "restore"—for when had she given or sent him a note?—she picked it up and examined it. It was her note to the Home Journal, requesting the editor to send her the enclosure in the answer to her first letter. He continued,

"Perhaps I ought to apologise for so flimsy an excuse. On the whole, I will tell the truth. I desired to see you again. So while I was trying to contrive a decent reason, it occurred to me that I might find something in your handwriting at the Journal office, and restore it to you. Your articles, I find were written in a disguised hand; but in the haste of writing this note, you forgot that precaution."

She quickly examined it. It was true.

"So I have brought it back. There is a possibility, I suppose, that it might have been so used as to discover you; though hardly even that. Perhaps I might have mailed it. But, as I said, I wanted to see you again. Now that I am here, may I also excuse myself for having displeased you the other evening?"

She answered, rather unsteadily, "Yes, sir, if you wish. I suppose I ought not to refuse you."

He went on.

"I would not have spoken, if I had considered. But I was hurried away in the keen delight of my discovery. For I was never made so happy—for a few moments—in my life. As I said, it was wholly unpremeditated in me; and you will believe, I hope, that I would have suffered much, rather than to speak, if I could have dreamed of giving pain."

She bowed, silently. He looked dissatisfied, but spoke again.

"I was never so impertinent as to consider the letter which I answered anything more than

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a literary experiment. What I said myself in the answer was true. I answered the sentiments, nothing more. And besides; I have reflected that you might perhaps feel unsafe in knowing that I had found you out. That, I suppose, I cannot help. I might assure you that I have not communicated with any one on the subject, and shall not. But if I would do so, I would also lie about it, if necessary, so that must be left as it is. I presume I have a right to admire you, if I choose. I do not claim anything more. There is nothing more, I believe, except that I wish and hope you will not remain angry with me. Shall you?"

She answered, with a calmness somewhat elaborate, "Perhaps I ought not to. I shall not blame you, sir. Indeed, I shall blame nobody but myself."

And she bowed, in rather a stately way, as if to say that there had been time enough wasted on his matters.

Mr. Bemis stood still, as if in a dream. It was evident that he ought to say "Good evening, Miss Meriam," and march off. But something held him. He looked down; shifted from one foot to the other; appeared embarrassed enough.

"Was there anything further, sir?" asked Flora, icily.

Bemis, with suddenly flushed features, answered,

"No, ma'am. Good evening—good-bye, I mean, Miss Meriam."

"Good evening, sir;" and another yet statelier bow.

He turned and departed. She looked after him, stepped two steps forward, rested by a chair, and said,

"Mr. Bemis——"

He returned.

"I believe," she said, with a faint smile, "that I am acting rather foolishly. There can be nobody to blame in this matter besides myself. Please excuse me, for being so silly and angry. But I could not help it. I shall not practice advertising any more. But I have been very rude to you; both the other evening, and here. And now, if you will overlook my fault, and please to sit down for a little while, I shall be very glad; I shall think you do not cherish an enmity toward me. And I will be as agreeable as I can."

It would not have been well to be implacable. Those who repent should be forgiven. So he staid.

It was a few months later Bemis entered the parlor, one Friday evening, with a sorrowful and jaded look.

Miss Flora had been rummaging over a vast pile of songs; singing a scrap here and there, and substituting her own guitar accompaniment for that which the musician had furnished. When he greeted her, she shoved the music into a promiscuous heap, and arose to meet him, holding out her hand. He barely touched it, and let it go. She regarded him with surprise; and noticing his weary and sad demeanor, inquired what had gone wrong; or if he were ill.

"Yes," said he, "I am, I believe. But what a vast chaos of dishevelled music you have there; shall I help you arrange it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he seized a low ottoman, dragged it to the table where the music was lying, set a chair close by for Miss Meriam, and proceeded hurriedly to select and sort the sheets, Flora observing him carefully.

"On what principle do you operate?" she asked, gravely, after some time; seeing that he had placed two "Ethiopian melodies" upside down, along with Schubert's "Serenade;" in one pile, a Scotch ballad, an Italian bravura, and a comic duett in another, and was leaving separate two disjointed sheets of a boat-song.

He blushed. "On the great chaotic primeval principle of opposition, I believe," he said, and threw the music hastily together. "Never mind," he continued, turning quickly to her. "It's no interest of mine. But I am very weary indeed, and cross and stupid, Miss Meriam. I should not have exhibited myself to you in such case, but that I could not resist the temptation to come once more."

She started. He went on.

"I have been in a terrible hurry all the week; for my business at school has been very heavy. I have played viceroy to our principal; and no one who has not tried it can dream of the exhausting drafts upon one's energies, mental and physical, which must be met in the supervision and government of fourteen hundred city children. Besides—and that is what I thought it would be hardly civil not to tell you—I leave the city to-morrow."

"Leave the city?" said Flora. "Why? I thought you told me that you had definite engagements which would keep you here all the winter."

"I am excused from them. I have concluded that I can do better. I have received a good offer of employment in assisting the school superintendent of Michigan; and am to set out to morrow to make a month's experiment with him."

Flora seemed not exactly to understand him.

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She meditated; but at last said, absently, and as if her thoughts were elsewhere,

"I suppose you anticipate much pleasure in leaving the city, and getting out into the free West?"

"Yes—I suppose so. What is there here, that I should be glad to stay?"

"I could tell you reasons," answered she, hastily; but then stopped short, and blushed to the forehead. Then, as if anxious to turn the conversation to another subject, she added, abruptly,

"You are otherwise ill, I suspect, than from mere fatigue. You have had an attack of sickness, have you not?"

"No," he answered, "I have had no attack of sickness. The whole truth is that I must go away. I have been fighting, for weeks, against my wishes; and it is that wild warfare, along with my hard work, which is wearing me down so that I must flee away. I suppose that when I am out of reach of the things that vex me, I shall escape their power."

"I don't know," said Miss Meriam, rather absently and sadly. "And now you are going away; and I shall——" she did not finish her sentence; but looked down, and was silent.

Bemis gazed upon her earnestly; moved his lips to speak, once, twice; at last addressed her, apparently as if fulfilling some sudden resolution,

"Miss Meriam, if you will tell me to stay, I will stay."

She said nothing, but seemed trying to repress some strong feeling—whether of anger or grief, was not clear. Bemis, however, after a moment's pause, arose, and spoke again with an excited but sad manner, like one who has gone too far in a hopeless task to stop, but must now finish, though to no purpose.

"I had not meant to say anything like that. But I am not so strong as I thought; and I seem to be helpless in it. However, it can do no more harm to speak plainly than to speak dimly; so I will finish. I love you, with all my heart and soul. I wish you were as poor as I. But as it is I shall be wise to leave you. Now we have, each of us, a secret to keep for the other. Be as faithful with mine as I have been with yours; and—good-bye."

Flora, who had been looking down, raised her eyes and looked at Bemis, half-sad and half-smiling. Then she said, holding out her hand,

"If you *will* go, good-bye; but I wish you would stay."

"Do you really ask it of me, Miss Meriam?" said he.

She looked at him for a moment, as if to speak; but the red blood rushed in another flood over her face, and she looked away again in silence.

Bemis stood, irresolute and sad. But when he saw a single tear upon her cheek, he could not hesitate. He knelt on the low stool by her side.

"Miss Meriam," said he, softly, "I am breaking many promises made to myself: but let them go. I love you, as I said. And so, if I stay, you must give me leave to love you. May I?"

She did not say "yes," but—she did not say "no."

"Tell me, Flora," said he—"tell me; and promise also to love me."

And unforbidden, he put his arm around her and held her in his embrace. Her head rested on his breast. Suddenly she raised it; lifted herself from him; rested her two hands on his shoulders, and smiling again, yet with tears just springing, she said, "Thomas, I love you."

He bent over her and kissed her, on forehead, cheeks, and lips; and her tears departed. She rested her head upon his neck again, and said,

"You won't go West, now?"

"No, Flora, unless you command it."

"Oh, Tom," said she—"oh, Tom—I wish you had a prettier name—it's impossible to speak affectionately such a name as that?"

"Well, sweet, yours is pretty enough to make up for both. Or, I'll accept the extra affection in other forms, instead. A kiss, for instance, every time you speak to me, would do better, in my humble opinion, than a nickname."

"Pshaw! If you speak so lightly about it, you shall have neither kiss nor affection. But I want to ask you one question. You remember when you charged me so suddenly with being Kaladora Andros?"

"Yes."

"How did you find it out?"

"The beginning of my discovery was an occasional expression that flitted across your face, on the evening of my meeting you first, which I thought I had seen before. Then, all at once, when we sat watching the dancers, it flashed across my mind that I had seen you, with hood and cloak, in the front seat of the gallery of the Tabernacle, at my lecture. And lastly, as soon as I remembered that, I also remembered your two hints; one, that you had come to the lecture by special invitation, and the other, that you were curious in autographs. I saw something queer in your look when you mentioned the invitation; but I did not combine it with the other circumstances, until the dancing. And

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then, too, I remembered your slightly disappointed look at my signature. So all the notions fitted together. A mischievous Kaladora would be very likely first to write and publish such a letter, then to answer so safe an invitation as one to a public lecture, and then to try to plague her inviter, if she could find him, with half hints at the truth. Then, likewise, I reflected how the drift and tone of many parts of your conversation corresponded with the letter which I had answered. I am telling you these things in succession, but they sprung up in my mind so suddenly, all together, and surprised and delighted me so much, that I spoke as you remember, without really having power to consider. And we both of us departed, I believe in wrath. What apology have you to offer for the sour remarks with which you left me?"

Flora wouldn't vouchsafe a word of apology. But she offered a very satisfactory atonement, nevertheless. What that was, is none of our business.

But after all, it is by no means expedient to advertise for a husband.

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TRUE GREATNESS.
BY MARY L. LUCY.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Oct 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 4.; American Periodicals
pg. 231

TRUE GREATNESS.

BY MARY L. LUCY.

THERE is a great deal said in books and in the busy world around us about greatness. Much rhetoric and useless panegyric is wasted on those whose names are written down in the catalogue of the world's heroes. In appreciating their value we are prone to forget our "every day martyrs"—those who are winning merited, but alas! unacknowledged laurels in the battle of life.

The common strife of existence enlists many a brave spirit in its ranks. Full many a high and noble deed is there achieved, of which the great multitude never hear. But when the trial is ended, God, who notes the conduct of all in this contest, will give to each a fitting reward. And for those who have fought well there is laid up a crown in heaven—a shining robe—a harp of gold. But to my story.

It was a glorious evening in early autumn, when, in our quiet little village of Somerset, the young moon saw a farewell scene—a parting full of all the sorrow a loving heart can know when the first, and perchance the last adieu is spoken. If one had been narrating the attractions of our pleasant valley home, sweet Annie Lincoln would not have been forgotten. The little white cottage, with its wealth of honeysuckle and roses, where Annie dwelt with her widowed mother, was known to all the villagers as the home of the fairest and best girl in the country round. Yet we loved her not for her beauty, but for her goodness of heart, and for the gentleness and kindness ever so potent to win and charm.

There was but one alloy to her cup of pleasure. Annie's mother was one of those persons who regard the gem of intellectual and moral worth as valueless, unless it be furnished with a golden setting. And so it was that when William Gray asked her to confide fair Annie to his keeping, he met with a coldly polite refusal. Through the daughter herself, however, the proud mother informed Mr. Gray, that as her only objection to him was in the fact that he was not rich, should the objection cease to exist within any reasonable period of time, they should receive her cordial blessing. It would have been as fruitless for the summer rain to seek to soften the adamantine rock upon which it fell, as to plead with Mrs. Lincoln when once her decree had gone forth, and so the lovers only sought some means by which William Gray might become a rich man. And this night, of which I am writing, he had come to bid her "good-bye," to seek in a land beyond the seas to gain the coveted treasure.

There were words of sweet encouragement and tenderness spoken in the white cottage that night. There were oft-repeated promises to write, and vows of constancy, mingled much with the talk which lovers only utter or understand.

A few tears on Annie's cheek, and so they parted. The one with a sinking heart to go back to the weary round of daily cares and joys. The other to pass out into the busy world, to enter into the mad strife for gain and pleasure—and perchance—that we should add it! forget that he was a rational creature. The one with a gentle hope, albeit pale fear was at her side, and only the sweet past to dream with all its wealth of bright, happy memories! The other with a bright future ever before him, a picture which the painter fancy had colored all too brightly! Ah! the Rembrandt shades of reality would come fast enough!

Time wore on. The days and weeks were woven into months, and the months were fast braiding into years. For a little space Annie Lincoln's life-sky was unclouded. At first the letters came—and they were all she hoped for, or even wished. They were full of sunshine to her lonely heart, and ever the burden of their song was, the return—the reunion!

But when a year had been gathered to the garners of the past, there came a change. The white-winged missives grew shorter, and finally cold. Then they ceased altogether. Silence! how often more eloquent art thou than the most passionate words.

The only hotel of our little village was in a decided state of commotion. A stranger, and as the village gossips asserted, a foreigner, had arrived. Curiosity was on the *qui vive* to know who he was; but in vain. He departed as he came, just as any one would have done, and all that could be ascertained was, that he had called on Annie Lincoln.

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For a few weeks after the time, Annie was not seen by the villagers, and when she reappeared there was a look of sorrow stamped on her pale cheek, sad to mark in one so young and fair.

Through a friend who was passing through Somerset, had William Gray sent back to her all that was now left of her bright, brief dream of happiness. A packet of letters, a ring, her own picture, and a few brief, cold words, in which the writer told Annie that he was mistaken in supposing he had loved her. It was all over now; and with a shadow resting on her whole being, she turned back to the old round of daily duties. She had lavished on an unworthy object all the passionate devotion which a woman can give but once; and there was nothing left but her hope of heaven and her trust in God! Annie was what too many, who bear the name are not, a true woman. And so she consecrated her life to deeds of charity and kindness. She was dearer now to the good people of Somerset than she had ever been in the palmiest days of her prosperity. She led the sick, and the little child, to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus, to the fount of waters which never faileth. She taught the earth-worn heart to seek peace in that Saviour's love which had been unto her own soul a never-ceasing consolation. Well had she learned that the fragrance of the roses, we strew in the paths of others, will breathe softly and gratefully over our own lives.

Five years! With all their burden of joy and woe, with their heart-written history of gladness or sorrow, five long years!

There came a stranger to our valley-home once more. And soon he wended his way, with eager, nervous haste, to the deep shadows of the church-yard. He knelt down by a fresh grave, whereon were strewed fresh blossoms, white and pure, meet emblems of the stilled heart which was beneath. He had little need to gaze on the simple words carved on that white head-stone, for they had been sculptured on his heart years before.

Words of sad reproach and wild, bitter sorrow, floated out on the still summer air. The hot tears rained down his face as he knelt there, where the blue-bells and the tall grass nodded over Annie's grave.

Forth from the gloomy cypress shade with a sadder, but a truer heart, went William Gray. Forth, once again, to struggle with the world, but now with a talisman in his heart, which should be as a light in his path. And when the stars are shining, and the plaintive voice of the night wind is heard, a voice whispers to him, "We shall meet again—not on earth, but in the Better Land."

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JULIA.: BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L--'S DIARY." CHAPTER I.
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pg. 233

JULIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

Some half dozen years ago, when, as lately, our commercial world was standing still, with breath and pulse suspended and arms half-palsied; stood to reflect how blindly it had been rushing, and to look out safer paths for the future as well; the house of Edson & Gately went down, capital, credit and all. Gately whistled softly when he saw that all was over, and passed his hands across each other, as if he were brushing off the whole matter of trade; as if he were relieved in doing it. And so he was; for he had no ambition for wealth, of being looked up to on 'change. On the contrary, he hated it. If Fanny Edson could any way have loved him, he would have sought money for the sake of what it would do for her; for his and her home. As it was, the house and credit might go. And he would go whither his tastes and inclinations all pointed; away countryward, where the clear streams ran, and the birds sang on high, and the shining trouts leaped into the light, or frolicked in the shade. He would take his books with him and have a good time. He hadn't much money—only two hundred or thereabouts, when he had disposed of everything, except wardrobe, books, watch, and fishing-tackle. Out of this small sum he must purchase such a suit as Walton recommends. Only it should not be a quixotic plaid; but a staid forest-green. This was all he must have. And, for the rest, he would not need much money. He would put up at the farm-houses; and perhaps bring such braces of fish to their frying-pans, that nothing more would be required of him.

And God giving him strength, courage, and clearness of brain, he would be no mere idler as he went and angled; no mere loiterer through this life Perhaps he would—write a poem. No one could say that things as strange as that had not been done. At any rate, all the lonely paths he trod, all the streams by which he sat and wandered, the early hours of morning, the late hours of night, should all witness that he studied, striving to prepare himself for a manly part in life.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, I can't, mother! It tears my finger-nails all to pieces," dropping the tips of her delicately-shaped fingers on the palm of her other hand, and closely surveying them. "And makes my hands so grimmy, too! They don't get over it for a week when I strain apple through the colander."

"I'll do it then," sighed the mother, coming to the table where the girl stood. As she rolled back her sleeves with her eyes down on her work, the girl saw that a new expression of a new inward pain or misgiving settled between her soft eyes, about her gentle mouth. It smote her heart seeing this in so good a mother. She looked about for something to do that would be a ten-times greater help than straining the apple would have been, saying, "I'll do anything else, mother. Tell me something else that is ever so hard. I don't care how hard it is, if—if it don't make such work with my hands. What were you going to do?" The mother did not look up at the pleading voice; the grave expression did not leave its place between her eyes and about her mouth. She simply said, looking back toward the stove and then toward the sink full of milk-pans, kettles and baking-dishes, "I was going to wash the stove (the apple boiled over) and the dishes. But you don't like washing the stove and the kettles, I believe, any better than you do straining the apple."

"No; but then see if I don't do it;" the girl said, under a momentary impulse of affection for her mother, and of self-reproach that she cared so much more for pleasing the untried lover of a few weeks, than the faithful, well-tried mother of so many years. "See if I don't have my hands in it up to my elbows," laughing, taking lively steps, and baring her round white arms almost to her shoulders. She made great splashes in the water, great clatter among the pans and kettles; made great ado about the little mishaps that came, or were near coming, interspersing all with the scraps she sang out of a half-merry, half-pathetic old Scotch song, that her aunt Esther taught her as she trotted her on her knees. So that her mother soon let her new gravity go; soon laughed as heartily as the girl did.

"Only you see I *have* spoiled my hands, mother," the latter said, spreading her hands as wide as she could before her mother's eyes, and screwing her pretty face out of its comeliness

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of shape, as if she were on the point of crying. "I knew I should! They always look as red as fat Mrs. Tarbat's, if I put them into the dish-water, or into anything. I don't see what makes them! I'm more than half-provoked that I can't keep them looking better!"

Yes; the good mother knew all about the gathering impatience, even before the girl confessed it. It was in the fast changing tones, in the shade stealing upon the fair face. She felt as if it were cold iron pressing upon her heart what the impatience—so oft-recurring of late—demonstrated; as well as what it boded in the time to come.

Mrs. Langdon was no great reader, no great thinker; that is in a consecutive, philosophical way; but she had the ready tact, the ready instincts, the gentle, ready impulses, or whatever else we may call it, of a true, loving-hearted woman She remembered having read in Miss Sedgwick "Home," or in some other of that lady's books, how one of her best characters said, one time, "We love everything to which we are kind," or something of this sort.

Now little six-months-old Franky, darling of the whole household, had been lying there in the cradle two hours. He had been awake more than a half-hour. Awhile after waking he lay contentedly, keeping his dimpled fingers at play before his eyes, watching them. Now he had had enough of that. Now his eyes were on mother wherever she moved; and, if they met hers, if she smiled, or spoke to him, what smiles of his caught up every little feature! how the cords strained and tugged to lift his head toward her!

"He's a darling!" said the mother, going on with her work. "He's sister Julia's darling; sister Julia's darling baby." The mother said this, trying the girl's heart; trying to bring it at least a little way from the gay, handsome man who was professedly her lover, to the beautiful, the pure baby-brother lifting his head, and beginning now to moan a little in his need of her. "Sister must take him up and talk to him till mother is ready, mustn't she?" The little fellow lifted his head with his might; kept it up in a way to show how strong the young sinews were; in smiles that dimpled his whole face first; then in intermingling smiles and tears; then as the head dropped back into the pillow, in low moaning, as if now he had given it up in thorough discouragement. "Poor baby!" said the mother, with tears in her eyes. For she pitied the pet of the household; and simply because he moaned and was discouraged; for she had seen this many a time herself, singing and talking cheerily with him all the while; but because she saw it plainly, saw it more and more plainly every day, that of one of the household to whom, until lately, he had been, as it were, the very apple of her eye, he was the pet no longer.

Julia was at the little clock-mirror, winding the long, golden curls on her fingers, then laying them carefully back upon her graceful shoulders. She was earnest in her work. Her heart was in it; going back and forth, back and forth, between it and the village beyond the hilly copse of white pines and chesnuts, beyond the little river. For there was her handsome, *handsome* lover. Perhaps he was there. He boarded there at the Merrimack House. Perhaps he was there. Perhaps he was on the hill; (for he had told her that he often sat there hours thinking only of her) there where the trees were then; where, now that the sun was on the other side, they cast shadows so deep and beautiful within the copse, upon the moss-covered rocks, and down the gentle green slope toward her father's pastures, where the cows and sheep were that moment grazing; toward her father's fields, where the dark corn and the golden grain were that moment waving and gleaming in the bright sunlight and in the rich shade. The girl used to watch the flocks as they fed, dotting the swells and dingles; and was gratefully content to see how the cows rested, enjoying themselves in the shadows of the trees; how the lambs leaped and frolicked, looking airily down from the points of the highest rocks, until their dames were frightened and discouraged about them; were discouraged to downright hopelessness, when they saw that all their bleating and hurrying to see to them, only stimulated them to a more excessive merriment, to more venturesome experiments and antics upon the high rocks. She used to sit in the door an hour at a time, with a book, or with work in her hands, alternately sewing, or reading, and looking at the beautiful, beautiful fields, the beautiful shades in the beautiful woods; oh, at all the beautiful earth and sky that the dear, good Father in heaven had spread around and above them! She used to talk in soft, loving tones, in those hours, to the parents who sat resting within the rooms, to the stripling brother, who, when he was not in the fields at work, was always standing or sitting near her wherever she was; and especially to the darling baby, if he was anywhere in sight of her. She had no words half strong enough to speak the love she had for the baby. She was sure there was never so beautiful a baby; never a baby with such pretty, intelligent ways, such soft eyes, such a dear, loving voice, and

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such *perfect* arms! She wondered, she said one day, as she held the long, round arm in her hand, bending low over it, if there was anybody on earth who could put marble into shapes like that. She would like to, she added, her face kindling. Oh, if she only could! Some London Art Journals, she said, and some Art Union Bulletins had been left lately at Mr. Furnel's, by a gentleman who was travelling, and who put up there awhile. She had looked them over, she said; and seen what grand things one could do with marble, if one only fitted and prepared oneself. For her part, if she could do one really great thing, one really *great* thing that would be beautiful forever, like some of the old statues, she would be ready to die then. She would *want* to die, for fear that if she lived on ever so long, she would never do anything else worthy of herself; for fear that all the rest of her life would be just the common sort of every day life that all people live. And this, as it seemed to her, must be so poor, so hungry a life to one who had known what it was to live in so great a way, doing so great a thing!

This was before she met him who was now her lover, at the village pic-nic. It was all over now. Aspiration still kept her strength and nerve of pinion; but she employed it all in hovering about the haunts and temporary home of the handsome lover, and about the well-known paths by which he came. For he came 'across," as it was called. A well-trodden path gradually descended the side of the hill from the village to the river, meeting the river at what was called "Thayer's Falls" There, in the dry summer months, when the river was low, one could easily cross, on the sand-bars that ran out on either side, and on the rocks, great and small, that were scattered between. And when one was across, one could easily fall on the path by which Mr. Langdon's creatures came to drink, around and upward to the east side of the chesnut copse, and then Mr. Langdon's buildings were seen. Then one saw one's way among the green swells to the lane that opened not alone into the barnyard, but by another and nearer gate into Mr. Langdon's large garden. This was the way Julia's lover came. At first, he came always with a rifle in his hand, as if he had only incidentally happened that way as he went a gunning. Soon he came without it, though; came on purpose to see her eyes, he told Julia, one day, holding each of her hands in each of his. She laughed, blushed, tried to get her hands away; and, failing in this, tried to tip her head down and aside, so far, that, with all his stooping and following her head with his own, he could not look into her eyes with that glance of his that had, over her nerves and her whole being, a power so subtle, and, as it seemed to her, so irresistible. When she could not get away from him, when she had done trying, when she stood passively at his side, with her head on his shoulder, where he had laid it, he told her, with his cheek now and then touching lightly her forehead, as he spoke, that she must be his Julia; his own beautiful pet, Julia. He was rich, he said; or, his father was; which, since he was an only son, was all the same. He would *love* to dress her beautifully, and see her shine on their town life, as she was or would be able to shine.

When he saw her another time, alone, (they were in the garden, whither Julia had taken him to eat ripe cherries, as he said he loved them best from the trees) he told her that she was incomparably the finest girl *he* had ever seen. And he had had his chance, what with all sister Hat's friends, to say not a word of the five hundred nice ones, he met every summer, at the resorts around; and every winter, in the city. Did she know how pretty she was? he asked, eating cherries with one hand, and with the other imprisoning one of the girl's.

Julia laughed, blushed, told him she was afraid he was a flatterer.

"No, dem!" protested the handsome lover, Harry Collinsford, of New York.

Feeling that the girl started, he laughed immoderately, with his half-merry, half-saucy eyes searching hers, in his light way, to see how she would bear it. He put the nicest cherry he could find between her lips, saying, as he hunted after it, and as he gave it to her, "She shall have the best cherry there is on the tree; for she's Harry Collinsford's best, most precious. Here it is; here's the cherry I'm after," putting it into her mouth. "Dem!" laughing again; partly out of the arrant love of his long-accustomed slang, of the sense of unrestraint he felt in again using it, after the watch and guard he had been keeping over his tongue; partly because it amused him, feeling it in the touch of her hand, seeing it in the fair face, how every nerve in the girl shrank instantly, contracting itself out of its instincts, to be away from him.

He kept her hand, locking and interlocking the slender fingers with his own; kept her glance, varying his own gradually, to a smiling, yet earnest deprecation.

"The dearest," plead he. "Her Harry was going to say that he wished he were a cherry; that was all. For he thinks there were never such lips yet as his Julia's—that, perhaps,

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there were never yet lips so coy. Hey, Julia, mine?"

She blushed a good deal. She struggled a little to free her hand; then, upon his sagaciously changing the subject and speaking of a book—Burn's Poems—that he had in one of his pockets for her, she let him keep her hand. She listened to the pleasant, rather effeminate voice, looked up into the almost perfect features, thinking how charming they were, both the voice and the face, to her; thinking what a great, undeserved good fortune it was that he loved her—*her*, the simple, unpolished daughter of a simple, unpolished country farmer. She grew afraid to trust in the good fortune, as she listened and looked up to him. Surely she was not fit for it. Surely something would come to part it and her, if they did approach ever so nearly; so that, in the end, she would be left standing alone to see it "go wavering away from this mute earth;" to know that then, for her, this earth, this world, this life was disenchanted forever; and this place that held the grave of her hopes was a paradise no more."

The girl knew in what old number of the Knickerbocker to look for the touching passage from the Ettrick Shepherd, upon which her boding mind was running its paraphrase. She found it after her lover was gone; after all in the house had gone to rest, save herself; again and again read—feeling a prophetic power in every word. "'There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that would now be enough for years. I should fear now to face sic hapiness as used to be there beside that well; sic happiness would now turn my brain; but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returning;'" and so on, to "the earth, the world, the life disenchanted forever," and to the place that was "a paradise no more." Even long after the girl had done holding the book and reading it over, she sat with the words floating in and out her mind; mingled, to-be-sure, with the dear, bright words her lover had spoken; but, whenever they came, closing in with a darkness all the greater for the light that came and went between. For, after those dear looks, the endearing words spoken with the endearing voice, after the contemplation he had given her of masculine grace and beauty absolutely perfect, as it seemed to her, she would die, if she must feel that they were gone from her forever. Or, if she did not quite die, her steps would always be slow, after that; all the pulsations of her life would be slow; the old beauties of sky and landscape, the old harmonies of the day and of the night would all be changed to her changed heart, would come with suffering in place of the old-remembered, longed-for delight.

She sat there by her open window far into the night, thinking of these things; watching the mute stars, or with her eyes on the dark, dark chesnut copse. Many a young girl, new to the *strong* circumstances of this earthly life, has sat thus, close by the monitors, night and her own soul. Some of these have felt the monitions close upon them in peace; so that, when they lay down, loving prayers went upward, loving thankfulness settled softly upon their innocent hearts. This was when their love was worthy, was worthily subject to a still higher love of the Father and Lord of us all; when thus it was approved in their home; when it exalted them, exalted all the relations of life to them, so that they were better and more loving daughters, better and more loving sisters, better and more loving children of earth and heaven.

Others, like our poor Julia, have come out from such hours with harassed and torn hearts; seeing nothing clearly, feeling clearly nothing but this—that they loved with an intense emotion; and that if anything came between them and their lover, they would have nothing left to love, nothing left for them to do, but to die. And this was when all the retrospection, all the searching thought they were able to give, fell short of satisfying them that their love was well and safely bestowed; when there were in the lover, traits and habits of thought, of expression, of action, so far removed from the life of their own innocent home, that every step they took toward him, led them farther and farther away from all they had loved and held sacred before. And thus, if they follow him afar off, there *is* nothing for them, but him, and their insecure trust in him; nothing left for them to do, but to go still farther, to find each new step a descent in goodness and in serenity of life; nothing else but this one blessed thing—to arise and go to their father's house. It is hard to turn back from the lover; for, to the voice he knows so well how to modulate to powerful entreaty, is joined the plea of their own love for him. And, besides, the way that was so bright and flowery when they came along by his side, is so bare and thorny now. But it is a blessed thing to turn back; a blessed thing to come, if ever so falteringly, ever so tearfully, home.

CHAPTER III.

"I HATED trade! And not because I was too lazy to like it, either; for this life I am living

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now is twice as laborious; or, would be, but that the inborn love I have of it, turns it into play."

"Yes, I understand," replied the other, with thoughtful, mild eyes on the turf they were treading.

"I hated to be taking money of people; especially of those, who, as I saw, let it go with misgivings; *especially* of the very poor. I could have spit upon myself for that. As true as I live, Henry Faxon, the only trades I ever made, that I liked, were what my partner called losing ones; those in which I lost money; not through the cupidity of others, of course, but by my own will."

Henry Faxon, the good, true-souled missionary, smiled when he heard his old school-days' friend say these things, smiled as if he were pleased and grateful to hear him saying them.

"So I was glad for *myself*, when our house was obliged to give up; because nothing else would ever have released me from the determination of my father that kept me there. My father reads my prize essay wiping his nose, and with tears, they say," he added, looking up from their path with a smile. "I suppose it is pride and pleasure, chiefly, in my unlooked-for success, that moved him; while my humane, my best of mothers feels all the benefaction there is in it for poor outcasts. 'He's my own boy;' she says, as she reads and as she talks about it. And I am her own boy. I have this feeling for the wretched, all from her. I can't remember when I hadn't it. It is in my blood; in all the thoughtful, unselfish training I had at her hands."

"Yes. I understand the committee is proceeding at once to the test of your plans."

"Yes; and I am proceeding at once to write a lecture, covering a still broader ground, which I shall deliver next winter in as many lyceums and popular assemblies as will hear me. Hark!"

The friends, who accidentally had met at the village post-office, were very leisurely threading the way by which handsome Harry Collinsford went and came in his visits to Mr. Langdon's; or, to Julia Langdon; for of late Harry had complained to her of lack of welcome greeting, on the part of her parents, when he came; and to save him the vexation, she often met him now, at the back part of the large garden, by the lane gate, where the young peach trees shut the house and the rest of the garden quite out of the view. She sometimes went further—quite out the garden and the lane, quite down the hillside, to the little brook that ran at the foot of the chesnut copse; when her heart was made glad, and her feet were made light, in knowing that then was the hour for him to be near; in seeing his elegant form, perhaps, appearing in the distant path. This time she had met him by the brook. He had reached it first, and waited for her there, close by the rock that was beside the hazles. It was their voices that the friends heard in passing on the other side of the brook and the thick hazles. It was Harry Collinsford's voice, raised in half-entreaty, half-command, saying,

"If I was ready to be married—that is, of course, if I had my hands, any time that I pleased, in the old gentleman's money-drawers, I'd talk about marriage. But I haven't, you see; and so I've come to talk about the next best thing, getting you away somewhere where I can come when I please, without anybody's fear or favor—anybody's favor but my Julia's, that is, precious. I'll send you to school somewhere. I'll look up the right place, in Roxbury, or Charlestown, or somewhere just out of Boston. For I'm often there, at all seasons. The old gentleman—he has the gout tremendously, precious. Well, he often sends me over to see to some old family property there, and to an old family aunt, who is going to die some of these years, leaving me all she's got. Ain't it curious, precious? she's got a dozen nephews, all of them steady as that old sheep there by the ferns. But she don't care a button for any of them but me."

"H'm! I'm one of them," said Gately to his companion, lifting his head out of a listening attitude, and starting again on his walk.

Henry Faxon had that day stopped at Boxford with some near relatives of his mother. He was, by-the-bye, on his way to Haverhill, to make little Mary Harnden his bride, the sharer of his diligent, happy life. His plan, when he stopped, was to remain only a day. "I shall stay longer," said he, after they had walked on sometime in silence. That was all he said. But Gately knew that if he stayed the bird would be saved out of the fowler's net; and he was content.

Gately himself was there at Boxford, boarding just out of the village, at farmer Furnel's. He had been there before; and had left a part of his wardrobe and his books, intending to return again to the quiet, pleasant place, when he had seen how the prize was awarded. The prize, that is, offered by a New York Relief Committee, for the best essay on the prevention and amelioration of vagrancy. He had returned there now to write his lecture, to angle up and down the narrow river, out and in the pretty brook as he

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studied, maturing the spirit and the form of his lecture; and, between whiles, as he wrote it.

"Did you see her face?" asked Henry Faxon, on their return to the village. They were about to part at Gately's lodgings. Gately knew whom he meant and answered, "distinctly. And it was a pitiful sight, beautiful as it was, and raised to his libertine glance as if he were a god."

CHAPTER IV.

The next day was one of the still days of life; of out-door life, inasmuch as hardly a leaf stirred; hardly a bird sang, hardly a bleat, or a low was heard; of in-door life, inasmuch as the acutely sensitive felt how all nature listened for what was to come, and themselves listened too.

Julia Langdon thought afterward that she would always remember how she felt that day; that, if she ever again felt the same, she would "take it for a sign" that the hush was on account of the muffled footsteps of coming evil. She said as much to the very good, very sensible aunt Esther, who, about that time, came to see "little Julia," as she still called the girl, still patting her shoulder and speaking in baby-tones, just as she used to when her favorite was a little child.

"Oh! I can tell you what that means, little Julia, dear," said the aunt, when the girl was telling her how she felt that day. "Hadn't you felt the same, other days, before?"

"*No*—o; or, not so much, at any rate, aunt Esther."

"Because you hadn't perhaps felt equal excitement beforehand, in any of the meetings with this Harry Collinsford; or after the meeting, late into the night, thinking about it, living it all over, and over again. 'Twas the perfectly natural reaction what you felt the next day, after such an evening, such a night. Especially as you aren't now a bit strong, you know, dear."

"Perhaps so," replied the girl, in sick, dreamy tones. She sat by a window in aunt Esther's room, and her vacant eyes were on the green landscape.

"There is no *perhaps* about it, dear," speaking with tones and a manner equally decisive and affectionate. "These laws of our being are God's laws and are sure. If I drag a pendulum off one side farther than it should go, (if I would have it tell the hours correctly) it reacts upon me and goes swinging off the other way, like a pendulum that don't well know what it is doing, or what it should be doing, and what it would have been doing, you see, dear, if I had let it be to go swinging on in its own true way." She waited awhile for the girl to speak; but, finding that she did not, that her eyes were vacant still, and all her thoughts far away, she resumed, "Little Julia, hear me, now, dear. Sit right on this cushion," drawing a cushion-covered box up close to her knees. "I know who made this cushion," examining with a real interest and admiration the pretty needlework. "Bless her! she always did things better than anybody else." She kissed the girl's forehead with tears of loving tenderness in her eyes. The girl had tears in her eyes; and now she looked up into her aunt's face like one faint and athirst for the waters of comfort.

"Bless her!" again said the aunt, out of a full heart. "I just want to say this one thing, dear. You never could have had the right kind of life with this man, if it had gone on until you were his wife. I've met him at his aunt's, in Boston, and I know what he is. There is no other God for him in all the universe, but himself; and without once *offering* sacrifice, in all the days and nights of his life, he just drags everything and every being he can lay his hands upon, to his poisoned and poisonous life, to be sacrifices unto him. So, what to him were your parents, who had loved you so long, who are so excellent; the good, promising young brother; the dear little baby in its angel innocence and beauty; the home—this holy place of you all, home? Sacrifices merely; to be cast down at once, afar off, and trampled upon if he ever had occasion to come in the way. You—*dear*, blessed girl! the darling of so many hearts! I am sick here," laying a hand on her heart, "when I think how it would have been with you."

The girl felt for the aunt now, she saw so much anguish in her face. She fondled her hand between hers and kissed it, saying, many times, "*Dear*, good aunt!" "dear, good Esther!"

"You said you didn't see him again after that evening when he talked of taking you away to school?"

"No. The next day he sent me this note by James Tarbalt. James lives at the Merrimack House." As she spoke, without looking up, she took a note out of her pocket and gave it to her aunt, saying, "Read it."

The aunt bent over it and half-aloud, half to herself, read—

"Precious, I'm obliged to be off. I hate confoundedly to go; for I know your pretty eyes will be a little dim at first. You're a girl of spirit and at first will miss me in this dull corner. But it will be over; all things are over, if one holds out awhile. I shall miss you; for you are very pretty and very innocent. You are worth five hundred town mince-abouts. I shall never

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marry one of them, *I* know, unless I convey myself unawares. I don't suppose I shall ever marry anybody; I don't like the idea of it. One spot, called home, where I must regularly present myself; one fair one, (fair one, that is, if she didn't wax adipose, or wane shadowy and blue; most wives have a trick of doing one or the other;) one fair one, called wife, by whose left side I must be forever at drill; babies, perhaps; mumps; whooping-cough; devil! I should catch hold of my hair, a whole handful on each side of my cerebrum, should run every step to East River and drown myself. *You* wouldn't like to have this happen, would you, precious? You would rather say, or have me say my adieus in a regular way now. So adieu, Julia. Be happy. Be married the first fair chance, if this is what you like best. And I suppose it is what all the women should like best.

"Any way, whether you remain Julia Langdon, or become—Julia Gately, for instance, or Julia Faxon, I hope you will think as well of me as you can, any way. HARRY C——."

"What does he mean, dear, by his 'Julia Faxon' and 'Julia Gately?'" asked the aunt, her eyes still on the note. Julia did not answer; she kept her head still bowed on her aunt's knee.

"What does he mean, Julia?" repeated aunt Esther, letting the girl's curls out of the knot into which they were put up carelessly together, with hair pins. "He has something in his note about 'Julia Gately' and 'Julia Faxon;' what does he mean by it?"

"Oh, that is good, aunt, having you work upon my hair!" said the girl, lifting the pale face, the parched lips. "I remember; your touch, just your touch, somehow always did me good. It does me so much good now! My head feels better already. There," drawing a long breath as if of renewed life, and turning her head a little, "that is so good! What were you asking me, aunt? Oh, yes, I know. Why, I have heard since that two acquaintances of—of Harry's came to the village the day he left; Mr. Faxon, a missionary to the West, who went on, I believe, in a day or two to Haverhill——"

"I thought so!" interrupted the aunt. "I thought of him, although I am sure I don't know why I did, the moment I saw the name. And now I needn't ask you *who* the other is. 'Tis Warren Gately, no doubt. He is connected with the Collinsfords; he is nephew of Miss Collinsford, of Boston—who, by the way, is one of the dearest friends I have—on her mother's side. This Harry Collinsford is her nephew on her father's. So there is really no relationship, you see, between him and Gately. Although they must be acquainted; for I've met them both there at the same time, if I'm not very much mistaken. But was he here in company with Henry Faxon? '*Two* acquaintances,' you said."

"Yes; he was here, at the village;" again bowing her head as if she felt no interest in what she was saying. "I believe he is here now. I believe he boards at Mr. Furnel's. I know I heard father and Leonard say something about meeting him, or seeing him, at least, in the pastures, yesterday. Aunt, please brush my hair more; in your old, easy way; I think I can sleep, perhaps, if you do."

The aunt blessed her, kissed her in a slow way, as if her lips loved the touch of the girl's forehead; then went on to brush the curls, to wind them about her fingers in just the old way; and soon the girl was sleeping as she had not slept before, not since handsome, licentious Harry Collinsford came across her path.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY COLLINSFORD was back again in New York; on Broadway, where he knew everybody.

"Devil! you're a lucky dog, everywhere! The girl knew about the *tin*, I suppose?"

"Not at first. I thought I'd see what I could do without it once. So I was a common traveller, who chanced to lose the train while he was in the station after a drink of lemonade; (as I really did, Dick) who, as he could not go to Boston, went to the village pic-nic, where he saw her and fell in love with her; who put off going to Boston day after day, on account of her own sweet attraction, you see; who sighed for her; who would never again know what happiness was if she didn't bless him. This is the way to do the job with some girls, Dick. They're the girls that have a great bump of benevolence, I suppose."

"And you come it over her with this?"

"Yes. She looked up to me and hung on every word I said, as if I was the all-fired Allmighty himself, before I let on a hint about having a rich daddy."

How they laughed then! Some poor, hard-working people, who were going along to their early dinners just then, said to one another, "*They're* happy enough. I suppose they don't know what it is to be tired and anxious, any more than we know what it is not to be."

"Don't introduce him, aunt," whispered Julia, putting her head near her aunt's. "Don't say anything to him about calling; I don't want to speak to him—to see him."

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Aunt Esther was replying to something Gately had said; but she heard the girl, and turned to her the moment she had done speaking to Gately, saying, "No, dear." The ladies were in one of the village stores where books and stationary were sold. Gately was there looking some reams of "commercial note" over when they went in.

"You have a carriage? you rode, Miss Harvey?" said Gately, when they had made their purchases and were ready to go.

"No, we walked."

"You did? That was brave! But I'm glad you did," he added, as they all started together from the shop-door. "Not only because—let me carry your parcel, Miss Harvey, as far as I go;" reaching his hand out for aunt Esther's books, and them, without looking at her, for Julia's drawing-board; "not only because now I shall have your company awhile, (and it is a beautiful walk, I think, from here to Mr. Furnel's; and indeed, the whole way to Mr. Langdon's,) but I am glad whenever I see a woman voluntarily taking it upon herself to walk."

Yes! aunt Esther liked to hear him say that; for she was an enthusiast in walking—both for health's sake and for pleasure's. The two went on to speak of the good habits of English ladies, in this respect, and of the sound health they enjoy by the means; then of some new books just out; and of some other books not just out, but ever-fresh, ever-new, on account of their divine beauty and strength. Then they talked of some common friends in Boston, in Haverhill; but of this the silent girl on aunt Esther's right heard little more than the hum of their voices; for her mind still dwelt upon the ever-living books. Ah! if one might only write once in one's life a book like those they had been describing!—if one might do that—and then die! for sick thoughts of her lover came suddenly upon her, shutting out at once bright aspiration, turning all its beautiful promptings unto mockery for her; and the landscape, flooded with the rich light of earliest autumn, into darkness. It did not last long this time, however; we mean that the sick regret did not; for her thoughts were recalled by hearing Gately quote some beautiful Scripture. She did not know how it came in; but he was saying, "'Because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'" The girl heard occasionally afterward the phrases, "reconciling all antagonisms," "agencies of renovation;" heard, that, in a few moments, they were talking of the swift-running, the beautiful brook they were crossing on a neat plank bridge; but, all the while, and when Gately returned her parcel at Mr. Furnel's, the rest of the way home, and when she laid her head upon her pillow; in the morning when she lifted it, (as she did in lowly thankfulness for a night of *rest*) and all day long, out and in her mind went the peaceful words, "Because the darkness is past and the true light shineth."

She loved the baby, that day. She loved all in the house. She brought in her beautiful arts into the arrangement of the table, of the rooms. She disposed anew the flowers her mother had put into the vases, so that, as the mother said, with fond tears gathering, "They didn't look like the same flowers." The dish of fruit, of many kinds, that she placed on the dinner-table, was "like a painting," they all said, keeping their eyes upon it.

The girl sang at night, sitting in the door with the baby in her arms and the rest of the beloved ones all near. And she had not sang a note before, for many and many a day. No one remarked upon it; but they stopped talking; and the good father, who sat just within the door, bent forward to listen; to look at his "only girl," as he was accustomed to call her; to wonder at the delicate fashion of her beauty; to feel it, all the while, that she had been wandering of late from her father's house, but now had come back again; to think within himself, that if he did not kill the fatted calf, and bring rings and wedding-garments for the dear girl, he would bring such love and tenderness as should heal her and make her whole again.

When Julia saw that they all regarded her with eyes full of inquiry, as if they were inwardly saying, "What has done this for her?" she stopped in the midst of her singing, to say to them, "It is 'because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'"

"And it is having such a kind home, and so many kind friends, that has saved me," said the girl, later in the evening, when she was sitting above stairs, at aunt Esther's feet. "If I had had nobody to attend to me, to be as kind as the angels are to me, I believe I should have died. For nobody knows how my heart and my whole life seemed torn into shreds! I think very often how it must be with those poor creatures who have no good home, no kind friends, and who are yet cheated and torn as I was. I would go fifty miles," her voice trembling, her large, earnest eyes filling with tears, "I would go on my hands and knees to get to one such poor creature, if I could be a help and comfort to her."

Her aunt kissed her and called her "blessed little Julia!" Then vigorously lifting herself and the girl together to their feet, she said,

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"But now, dear, we must go to bed, if we would feel strong and clear-headed in the morning. And we must feel strong and clear-headed, if we would have life look bright and pleasant to us. This is why I am so strenuous with you about your habits of sleep, diet, of bathing, walking and so on—that you may be strong, that your life, that all you think, say and do, may be clear and full of excellent purpose—full of excellent achievement, too. Think of this after I'm gone, and take care of yourself, won't you, dear?"

We hardly know how it came about, but it was soon so that Gately called every few days at Mr. Langdon's. He had little to say to Julia. He brought books, books splendid in style, momentous in import, lofty and yet calm as heaven in spirit; so that it was rest and refreshment reading them, holding them in one's hands, even if one did not read. He brought Julia some better drawing-board, simply saying, as he laid it upon a table, in coming in, "There's some drawing-board, Miss Langdon. You'll find it better than that you are using."

He looked at her drawing, sometime, in the course of each visit, to see what she had been doing since he was there before; praising her work a little, sometimes—finding fault with it far oftener. "You are very capable," he said to her one time, when they had been exchanging a few words over her drawing, over his last "Art Journal," and over Southey's "Life and Correspondence," the book she was at that time reading. He said it with very friendly, but at the same time, very calm eyes on her face, with very friendly, but very calm tones. The girl heard it in the same spirit. There was no sudden quickening of the light in her eye, of the color on her cheek; but she felt strength and refreshment in the kind words, as the earth feels them in the morning dew.

For the rest, Gately, with a quick word or two, helped Leonard out of some of the knotty difficulties in his Latin, that he was carrying forward alone; touched his finger to the baby's cheek, and made the lively sounds that set baby to making lively sounds back to him; and talked with the parents and aunt Esther; especially with strong, but gentle-minded aunt Esther. And then, Julia, as she sat listening to them, understood how excellent and beautiful this life can be to those, who, keeping a quiet mastery over it, turn it and all belonging to it, into wisdom and light.

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HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Oct 1855; VOL. XXVIII., No. 4.; American Periodicals
pg. 245

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is a trite saying that there can be no happiness without health. The volume before us gives the alarming information that a large majority of American females are without health. Though something of this kind had often been said before, we had remained incredulous, but after the array of statistics, which Miss Beecher presents, we fear there can be no doubt of the fact. Fortunately, however, a remedy is at hand. In this concise little treatise, Miss Beecher lays down rules, by which every person, male or female, old or young, may enjoy good health, unless their constitutions have been irreparably injured. We cannot do a greater service to our readers than by glancing rapidly at some of her suggestions.

Pure air, sufficient exercise, and a healthy condition of the skin are indispensible to health. The practice, of which so many are guilty, of sitting all day in a close and heated room, or sleeping at night in a badly ventilated chamber, is none the less fatal because its evil consequences are scarcely noticed at the time. Heated air always contains less oxygen than cold air, and consequently those breathing it obtain less nourishment, from a given quantity, than those who inhale a less rarified atmosphere. Yet the majority of ladies in winter remain, day after day, in rooms heated by furnaces or stoves to seventy or seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. Is it a wonder that their complexions become sallow, that they are afflicted with headaches, that a general lassitude pervades the system, that they grow excessively sensitive to cold, that dyspepsia often sets in, or that frequently they sink into consumption from sheer want of vitality?

Equally injurious is the custom of sleeping in badly ventilated apartments. The almost universal practice, especially in cold weather, is to lock the doors and shut the windows. When we remember that every person vitiates, by breathing, a hogshead of air in an hour, the injurious consequences of this practice are apparent. The usual period for sleeping is about eight hours, and generally two persons occupy one chamber, so that, by morning, ordinary sleeping rooms contain at least sixteen hogsheads of air incapable of supporting animal life. Any person, who has passed from the pure, bracing atmosphere of a winter's morning, into a chamber of this description, will have noticed the close, fetid smell of the apartment. Miss Beecher very properly recommends that a current of air through the chamber should be secured, and that, for this purpose, the window should be let down an inch or more, according to the number of persons occupying the room, while a corresponding opening should be made at the top of the door, or the door itself left slightly ajar. From our own experience we can aver that, even in the coldest weather, no injury will result, provided there is no draught across the bed. Miss Beecher forcibly remarks that if the poisonous matter which pours from nose and mouth, and exhales from the skin, were colored, so as to be visible, and we should see a black or blue vapor accumulating around us as fast as the air of a room became vitiated, there would be an instant change in the feeling and conduct of mankind, in reference to ventilation.

Exercise is another important thing, too much neglected, especially by ladies. Wealthy females really do little or nothing, except work in worsted, practise music, read novels, take an airing, or go to balls. The result is that the muscles are not called into proper play, nor the digestive process carried on rightly, while the nervous system, on the contrary, is overstimulated. Exercise in the open air is absolutely necessary to health. Walking is one means of obtaining this exercise. Riding on horseback, which Miss Beecher strangely omits, is even better however; for no other mode of exercise calls the liver into such activity, or better develops the muscles of the abdomen, which generally are so weak with modern females. Household labor affords a means of successively exercising, and in an agreeable way, the various portions of the body; and it is to be regretted that false notions of dignity prevent ladies from engaging in it, at least to a limited extent. Our grandmothers were not ashamed to officiate in their kitchens,

* *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness. By Catharine E. Beecher. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

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and they were notoriously more healthy than their fair descendants. Calisthenics are recommended by many, by Miss Beecher among others. But daily exercise, of some kind, and part of it in the open air, should be sought by every woman who wishes to be healthy.

It is of vital moment to attend to the functions of the skin. The perspiration tubes, which permeate the cuticle in every direction, have an aggregate length of twenty-eight miles, and drain away from the body, when in a healthy condition, five-eighths of the impurities which are expelled from the human system. It is absolutely necessary to keep the skin in a proper condition, else these tubes become closed, throwing the impurities inward, and thus over-tasking the internal organs, till chronic diseases are the result, or dangerous fevers set in. Bathing is the most effectual method of keeping the skin healthy. For most persons a daily bath, taken in the morning, and followed by rubbing, or exercise, till the whole person is in a glow, is absolutely necessary. There are some individuals, however, with whom such frequent bathing does not agree. Experience will soon regulate this matter. No person, unaccustomed to cold baths, should enter on a course of them at once, however; but should employ tepid water at first, and so gradually pass to the cold bath. Miss Beecher says that, if a bathing tub is difficult to procure, a good substitute is a basin of water, with a sponge. A small screen in the chamber, with this simple apparatus, answers all the purposes of a bath-house. Where invalids, or other persons, cannot bear the shock of water, friction of the limbs is an excellent substitute. The Turks, who lead a notoriously indolent life, owe the preservation of their health entirely to their frequent bathing, as well as to the manipulations which attend it. We may add that nothing equals cold water in preserving the health of the skin, and consequently its beauty.

There are some excellent remarks on dress in the volume. Miss Beecher has the sense to see that reforms, which, like the proposed Bloomer one, make war upon fashion, will never succeed. In order, therefore, to remedy the injury derived from a weight of skirts pressing on the waist, she proposes a pattern for a petticoat to be supported from the shoulders. The columns of this Magazine have always discountenanced tight-lacing, as injurious alike to the health and to the permanent beauty of the form. A properly constructed corset, patterns of which we have often given, we are told by numerous ladies, obviates the necessity of tight-lacing, preserves the person from being injured by heavy skirts, and maintains the symmetry of the figure. But as too many corsets are improperly made, and as Miss Beecher's expedient is really an excellent one, we have taken the liberty to have it engraved, and it will be found in another part of this number.

We cannot join in our author's wholesale condemnation of tea and coffee. The most eminent physicians now maintain that these beverages fulfil an important purpose in the animal economy, by preventing the waste of tissues and reducing the amount of food necessary for subsistence. Our own observations lead to similar conclusions. It is generally a neglect of exercise, which causes the nervousness, that so often is attributed to tea and coffee. There are a few persons to whom these beverages are noxious, under all circumstances; and an excessive use of them is invariably injurious: but that they are rather beneficial than otherwise, to the majority of those who moderately drink them, is fast becoming the opinion of the scientific world.

We commend this book to general perusal. It is really worth its weight in gold. What we have written, we trust, will be an incentive to its purchase; and if so we shall feel, that, in our sphere, we have assisted in a good work. If the laws of health were thoroughly studied and generally observed, American females would not only cease to be invalids, but would preserve their beauty far into life, instead of losing it on the threshold, as the majority now do.

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THE BOUND GIRL.: CHAPTER VII.
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
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pg. 247

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.

CHAPTER VII.

ALONE in the streets of a great city in the night time—so young, so beautiful, without a home, a dollar or a friend, what could the poor girl do?

Utter hopelessness is almost rest. Catharine could not understand this, and wondered within herself at the strange apathy that possessed her in this the most forlorn moment of her life.

She wandered on, careless of the direction, without object and dreamily. Once or twice she sat down on a door-step to rest, but it was only for a moment, and when she arose it was to forget that a transient repose had been obtained. At last in the drear waste of her thoughts she remembered the Irish woman who had been so kind to her at Bellevue, and around this thought centred other reflections that almost amounted to a resolution. But even this emotion died away when she reflected, that kind as the woman was, there existed no means of ascertaing where she lived.

Still Catharine wandered, and what else could she do? Even from the door-steps she might at any moment be driven forth as an intruder. It was evidently getting late; the noises of city life were gradually hushed, and the growing stillness appalled her. Never, in her whole existence, had she been so utterly alone.

Awaking from her apathy, as it were from a dull dream, she found herself upon the corner of two streets, on the east side of the town. The stores were all closed, and the streets on either hand almost deserted.

"Where *can* I go?—what will become of me?" she murmured, looking around with affright. "Will no one have pity on me?" That moment a woman passed her carrying a basket of clothes on her arm.

"She is going home," said Catharine, gazing after her through the blinding tears that filled her eyes.

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" inquired the woman, turning back at the sound of her voice.

A faint cry broke from the poor girl, and seizing the woman joyfully by the arm, she called out,

"Oh, is it you?—is it you?"

Mary Margaret Dillon set down her basket in utter astonishment, and seizing the hand that detained her shook it heartily.

"Well, if this isn't something, innyhow; me jist thinking of ye, and here ye are to the fare area; but ye'r looking white as me apron yet, bad luck to the doctors—come by, and let us have a word of talk togither."

"Will you let me go with you?" inquired Catharine, anxiously, for she had been so often and so cruelly rebuffed that this kindness scarcely seemed real.

"Will I let ye go with me, bliss ye'r sowl, that's a question to put to a Christian woman, now, isn't it? In course I let ye go with me; why not?"

"But I have no home, nor a cent in the world; everybody has abandoned me—I haven't a friend in the wide world."

"Hist, now, that's talkin' traison and rank hathenism. Where d'ye think is Mary Margaret Dillon, with her strong hands and a shanty over her head which no one else has a right to, baring a trifiin' claim on the lot o' ground. Isn't that a home for ye, I'd like to know?"

"But I shall be trouble—I shall crowd you," faltered Catharine, trembling with anxiety to have her objections overruled.

"Did ye ever see a poor man's house so full that one more couldn't find a corner to rest; in faix, if ye did, it wasn't in the cabin of an out and out Irishman," persisted Margaret, lifting her basket of clothes and settling herself for a walk. "Come along, no'; I want ye to see the childer, bliss 'em, and the old mon, to say nothin' of the pig and three geese, that'll be proud as anythin' to have ye for company."

"Thank you—thank you with my whole heart. I will go; perhaps I can do something to pay for the trouble," said Catharine, to whom this vision of a home seemed like a glimpse of

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paradise, and folding her shawl about her she prepared to move on with a feeling almost of cheerfulness, certainly of intense gratitude.

"No trouble in life," answered Margaret, briskly. "The old mon and the childer 'll just resave ye as if ye was one of 'em. Come along, come along, and we'll have a taste of supper and a drop of tae as a remimbrance of this matein atween old friends, d'ye see?"

"Let me help with your basket."

"No, no, jist be aisy there; ye're not strong enough for that, and faix it's a sin and a shame that sich a dilicate young crathur should iver be put to the work; home or not, my opinion is ye'r a born lady, and that I'll stick to agin the world."

They walked on together, Margaret talking cheerfully, and Catharine mingling some painful thoughts with her gratitude.

"Mary Margaret," she said, at length, in a low, mournful voice, "you will never turn against me, as the others have, because I cannot give you proof that—that the poor baby they hurried away from me was honestly mine; you will take my word for it, I feel almost sure!"

"I don't want ye'r word; one look in ye'r purty face is enough for me, and I'd stand up for ye agin the whole univarse, with old Ireland to the fare."

"Thank you—God bless you for that, Margaret," answered Catharine, and for the first time in many days a smile broke over her face. "You are so honest and so kind, Margaret, I could not bear that you should think ill of me."

Margaret did not answer at once, but walked on thoughtfully.

"In course," she said at last, "I belave ivery word ye tell me; but if it wasn't so—if ye had been a poor, desaved crathur instid of the swate, innicent ye are, I wouldn't turn agin ye anyhow. It ain't Christian, and, accordin' to my idees, it ain't modest for a woman to hold a poor, fallen feller crathur in the gutter foriver and iver. The blissed Savior, who was holier than us all, didn't do it, and, by all the blissed saints, Mary Margaret Dillon niver will."

Catharine drew a deep sigh.

"Don't sigh in that way, darlint," exclaimed Margaret, kindly. "D'ye know that ivery time ye draw a deep breath like that it drinks a drop of blood from ye'r heart? Don't sigh agin, that's a darlint."

"I was thinking," replied Catharine, "how much worse it would have been for me if I had really been so wicked as they think I am; it seems to me as if I must have laid down on the first door-step and died. Nothing but my own sense of right has given me strength to live—and after all, what have I to live for now?"

"Hist, darlint, hist, this is talkin' like a hathen. Ye' e to live because the blissed Savior thinks it's good for ye, and that's enough for a Christian. Besides, it's mane and low-lived to give way wid the first dash of trouble, especially when we see every day that the Savior makes ye strong and more detarmined."

Catharine submitted to this rebuke for her momentary repining with gentle patience. The simple piety and honest good sense of Mary Margaret had its effect upon her, and before she reached the shanty where the good woman lived something of hopefulness sprang up in her heart. She could not help but feel that there was something providential in her meeting with the good Irish woman at the moment of her utmost need, and this gave strength to many hopeful impulses that are always latent in the bosom of the young.

The shanty to which Mary Margaret conducted her guest stood in a vacant lot, high up in the city. It was a rustic affair, composed of boards mingled with the odds and ends from old buildings, that Michael Dillon had been engaged in demolishing during his experience as a laboring man. Indeed, Michael was a very favorable specimen of metropolitan squatter sovereignty, and had succeeded in securing no inconsiderable means of creature comfort around him, though another man was owner of the soil. He had managed when out of work to wall in a little patch of land, in a rude, loose way, it is true, which he denominated the garden, and some dozen or two of fine cabbages, as many hills of potatoes, and a cucumber vine, where great, plethoric, yellow cucumbers were ripe with seeds, gave color and force to Michael's assumption.

In addition to these substantials, Mary Margaret had contributed her share of the useful and picturesque by planting nasturtians all along the low, stone wall, which clothed the rude stones with a sheet of gorgeous blossoms, and gave it the look of an immense garland flung upon the ground.

Thus hedging her husband's usefulness in with flowers, the province of a true woman, Mary Margaret had helped to win a gleam of the beautiful from the rude, stony soil from which Michael toiled to wrest a portion of their daily food.

I have often thought that true goodness, in a woman at least, is always accompanied with gleamings of fine taste. Certain it is, Mary Margaret had managed to impart no common show of rustic effect to her little, board shanty.

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Its door and simple window was entwined with morning-glories and scarlet runners that took the morning sunshine beautifully, and on a rainy day shed gleams of red and purple all over the front of the shanty, tangling themselves and peeping out in unexpected crevices even among the slates on the roof. Indeed, they encroached on the province of a mock-orange that for two years had kept possession of the roof, and even the sturdy vine was obliged to drop its golden fruit among the purple and red bells of the morning-glory, and even to creep off to the back of the shanty, where no one could see the richness and symmetry of its fruits.

Then there was a sweet-briar bush indigenous to the soil, which Mary Margaret had pruned and caressed into profuse luxuriance, at one end of her dwelling, and though it was dark, the scent of this bush greeted Catharine as she approached the dwelling; with this pleasant sensation she entered her new home almost cheerfully.

The shanty was divided by a board partition into two small rooms, not so untidy as to be repulsive, but rather close to one entering from the fresh night air. The ante-room contained a bed, in which Mary Margaret's sterner half lay sound alseep, after a hard day's toil beneath the hod.

"Whist a bit, while I light the lamp," said Mary Margaret, raking the embers in a portable furnace so hurriedly together that the sparks flew all around her, "let the ould man slape his fill, he must be up and at work by six in the morning."

Catharine hardly drew her breath, for she was seized with a terror lest the sleeping man should awake and resent her intrusion into his dwelling.

"Sit down forneut the furnace, while I boil a sup of water for the tay," whispered the hostess, kindling her tin lamp, "jist give Michael's coat and hat a toss and take the chair yerself, for, faix, ye look tired and white enough for anything."

Catharine sat down, for she was indeed quite exhausted, and relieved of the anxiety that had tortured her so long, she almost fell asleep while Mary Margaret made her tea, and cut the loaf which had been carefully put aside for the family breakfast.

There was not much refinement in Mary Margaret's method of serving up her meals; but she certainly made an effort to render things rather genteel than otherwise. A clean sheet, taken from a pile of clothes ready to be sent home, was folded twice and laid on the table for a cloth, and Mary brought forth an old china cup in an earthenware saucer, which she garnished with a pewter spoon, as an especial honor to her guest. As for herself, she sipped her portion of the "tay" daintily from a little, tin cup that belonged to the youngest child.

With all its drawbacks, this was a delicious meal to poor Catharine, and she partook of it with a sense of gratitude so full and gushing that it amounted almost to happiness. Two or three times she turned her eyes upon Mary Margaret and made an effort to thank her, but the words were lost in a gush of emotions, and she could only falter out,

"Oh, Mrs. Dillon, how I want to thank you for all this, but no human being ever was so poor, I have not even words."

She spoke with some energy, and before Mrs. Dillon could protest against all this waste of gratitude which she was just attempting, a cry arose from the bed on one side of Dillon, which was echoed by a half-smothered response that came from under the blankets close by the wall. Catharine started to her feet. The faintest cry of an infant was enough to thrill every drop of blood in her veins.

"Whose—whose child is that?" she inquired, breathlessly, "surely I heard *two* voices?"

"In course ye did, and why not?" said Margaret, with a baby under one arm, while she plunged about among the blankets for the little creature next the wall. "Come out here, ye strappin little felly, and show yer beautiful eyes to the lady. Isn't he a beauty, all out?"

Impelled by a strong yearning, Catharine held out her arms for the child, who turned his great, blue eyes wonderingly upon the lamp, while the poor young creature was striving to fix them on herself. But the child was obstinate, and she sat gazing on it through a mist of tears, so sadly, so wrapped in fond sorrow, that you would have wept at the very attitude, it was so full of silent pathos.

"Whose—whose is it?" she asked, "both cannot be yours."

"Ye're right in that entirely," answered Margaret, pouring some milk into the tin cup she had been drinking from and placing it on the embers in the furnace. "It's the nurse child, ye have."

"And who is its mother?" faltered Catharine, pressing the child fondly to her bosom, and laying her pale cheek to its warm little face.

"Ye remimber the poor young crathur that had the cot next to yours?"

"Yes, oh, yes, she died, they told me often."

"And they told you nothin' but the truth. She died, poor, misfortunate soul, and only that

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I wouldn't stand by and see the baby starve to death by her side, it might have been buried on her bosom. I had a fight wid the nurse, bad luck to her; but the doctor stood by me, and so the little thing got a fair start in the world; faix, but she's a wicked crathur, that nurse."

"I believe she was, I am sure of it!" answered Catharine, in a mournful under-tone. "Do you know I sometimes think that my own poor little baby might have lived, if she had taken care of it? Such a large, beautiful—ah, if it had but lived—if it had but lived, nothing could make me quite miserable! Oh, Mrs. Dillon, poor, helpless, and deserted as I am, I would give the whole world, if it were mine, only to hold *his* child in my arms as I do this poor, little motherless baby. He has left me—he has left me, but I know that I should worship his child."

"Hist, now hist, or ye'll be afther wakin the old man, though he does not sleep like a pavin stone in gineral; and ye'll be afther breakin the heart in me busom, too, if ye take on so. Here, feed the poor baby wid a dhrop of the warm milk, while I give this little spalpeen a turn. It'll aise your heart, never fear!"

Here Mary Margaret began shaking her boy, and scolding him heartily for greediness, bringing various charges against him as a young spalpeen and a thaif of the worldt, and in this torrent of superfluous words, the tears that had been crowding to her eyes were dispersed, and she sat up as a strong-minded woman once more.

"Ye asked me about the baby there," she said, at length, without appearing to notice the tears that rained from poor Catharine's eyes. "That hathenish nurse was nigh gettin the upper hands of me. Would ye belave it she let on to the doctor that it was drinkin I'd been when the heavy sickness fell on me after takin a sup of yer medicine, and he, poor innocent, belaved her, an took away the child that I was fond of amost as if it was my own flesh and blood."

Catharine looked up and inquired how it came about that she got the child back again.

"This is the way," answered Margaret. "I saw the woman they gave the poor thing to, and the heart in me bosom felt like a could stone. There was starvation and murther in her face. more than that, she was faregathing wid the nurse, an that was another rason agin her. Well, wid these feelins I couldn't eat or sleep wid thinkin of the child, for it seemed to me as plain as the sun that some harm was intended the little soul. So afore they sent me away from the hospital I inquired, aisy, ye know, where the woman that had got me baby lived, and it turned out that an acquaintance of my own was in the same tinament. So after a week was over, I went to visit my acquaintance—d' ye see—and in an aisy sort o' way asked about the woman and the baby. It was just as I had thought, the woman was niver at home, but went out to her reglar day's works, laving the poor little orphan all alone in a basket, sound asleep, in consequence of the laudnum and such like drops. I went into the room to see it, and there it lay in an old basket on a heap of rags wid its little eyes shut, and a purple ring under 'em. It had famished away till its own mother, if she had lived, wouldn't a known it.

"Well, I couldn't stand that, so without sayin a word I up an takes the crathur in my arms, and walks off to the Alms-house in the Park, and there I laid the child that still slept like a log, down afore the gintlemen that sit there for the good o' the poor, ivery day of the blessed year, and says I,

"'Are ye fathers and gintlemen,' says I, 'to sit here while the poor orphan child that ye should be fathers to,' says I, 'are bein starved and poisoned with black dhrops under yer honorable noses?' says I. Wid that, afore the gintlemen could say a word for themselves, I unfolded the rags that the baby was wrapped in, and laid its little legs an arms huddled together like a faggot afore 'em, and says I agin,

"'Look here, if yese got the heart for it, an see for yerselves.' Thin one of the gintlemen up an spake for himself, and says he,

"'The nurses are all compelled to bring their children here for inspection once in two weeks, an the time has but just gone by; how can this be?' an he was mighty sorry an put out, I could see that plain enough.

"'Yes,' says I, 'that's the truth,' says I, 'but it's aisy enough to borry a show baby when ivery house where these poor orphans go is runnin over wid 'em, and young babies are all alike as peas in a pod,' says I, 'and it must be a cute man to know any of 'em from one time to another. Just wait a bit,' says I, 'if ye don't belave me, and I'll bring the very baby that was brought here in the place of this. It's a plump, hearty little felly, and belongs to an acquaintance of my own.'

"'Can this be true?' says one of the gintlemen to another.

"'True as the gospel,' says I, spakin up boldly, 'ye've been praisen that hathen of a nurse for a baby that didn't belong til ye, and this poor thing has been starved down to nothin.'

"'Well,' says the gintlemen, for he was a rale gentlemen, says he, 'I'll send an officer for this woman, and she shall never, to her dying day,

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have another child from this department. But what can we do wid the poor crathur? We must send for a nurse that can be trusted at once.'

"Thin my heart ris into my mouth, and I hugged the baby to me, and says I, wid the tears in my eyes, says I, 'Let me have the child to nurse, I'll be a mother til it, an more too, if that'll satisfy ye.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, they thanked me kindly for comin, and give me the baby, wid a dollar a week for takin care of it. So when the nurse came home, expectin to find it dead in its basket, there was nothin for her but a bundle of rags, and a perlice officer to take her down to the Park"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Catharine, with a burst of gratitude, kissing the child again and again. "It was a brave act, Mrs. Dillon, and the child will live to bless you for it as—as I do!"

"In course he will," replied Mary Margaret, "for it's just a myracle the saints might wonder at that he lived at all. At first, ye see, considerin his starvin condition, I just give me own little felly the could shoulder, and turned him over to the tin porriger, but he got on well enough niver fear; and the little stranger begun to thrive as ye niver see in yer born days."

"He has indeed found a kind mother," said Catharine, thoughtfully. "But how long will they let you keep him?"

"Well, it's two years that they put the babies to nurse, I'm tould," answered Mary, reluctantly.

"And after that?"

"Thin they are sent up to the Alms-house, and after that bound out."

Catharine became very thoughtful, and turned her eyes away from the child as if its innocent face gave her pain.

"Niver mind," interposed her hostess, interpreting her look with that subtle magnetism with which one true womanly heart reads another.

"A great many things may happen in two years, with the blessings of the saints, so don't be getting down-hearted, there's a God above all!"

"I know it," answered Catharine, gazing with sad tenderness on the child once more; "but it makes my heart ache to think what may become of this poor baby."

"There now, hand it over, and go to your bed with the childer, it's gettin down in the mouth. Ye are on all for not eatin a hearty male whin ye had it to the fare," exclaimed Mary Margaret, depositing her offspring by its sleeping father, and reaching out her arms for the other child. "There, there, go yer ways now; just push the child aisy a one side, and make yerself comfortable on half their straw bed on the floor, and a comfortable bed may ye find it."

Catharine arose to obey this hospitable command, but Mary Margaret called her back.

"See here, isn't it as like the holy cross now as two paes?" she said, putting the soft hair back from the baby's temple, and revealing a crimson mark that really had a cruciform appearance, small and delicate as it was.

"Isn't he born to be a saint now!" exclaimed the Irish woman, exultingly.

"Or a martyr perhaps," said Catharine, and she walked sadly into the little room pointed out by her hostess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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WHAT THE NEW HOUSE COST.
BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.
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pg. 252

WHAT THE NEW HOUSE COST.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

We had been married several years, and our income had gradually increased. My business requiring much walking, I easily persuaded myself that some sort of a carriage was necessary; and accordingly I bought a cabriolet, engaged a groom, and hired a stable and coach-house.

Not a month passed without some addition to our furniture, or some new ornament; and we began to discover a thousand inconveniences about our abode, until then unperceived The situation was not good, the house mean in appearance, the staircase dark, and the garden too small. After hesitating for sometime, we began to speak seriously of taking a house in the new part of the town.

The matter was discussed in a family council, and aunt Roubert decidedly opposed the plan: she maintained that with the addition of extra rooms to those we now occupied, we ought to find our present abode sufficiently commodious; that two movings were as bad as a fire, and that the old furniture, when once removed, would be transformed, for the most part, into rotten planks and rusty nails.

"In my time," said she, "whatever were the changes of fortune, we were born, we lived, and we died, under the same roof-tree. The money we made or gained was invested in land or commerce; it was not squandered in buying infirmities, under the name of fashion; and no one then was too nice to sleep on the bed his father had occupied before him. Thus generation succeeded generation, and dwellings, instead of being known by numbers, had each their separate name. Every street formed one large family, where every one knew everybody, and towns were not then, what they are now-a days, mere inns, where the last-comer is unacquainted with even the name of his predecessor."

I endeavored to defend the present age by explaining the advantages arising from this modern mobility, which aimed at one great unity, and only destroyed private associations when necessary for the good of society in general.

"Prove it as you will," replied aunt Roubert, interrupting my disquisition on mankind, "it is not the less true, that it is no longer the fashion to lay by for a rainy day, but that you eat the game as soon as it is killed. It seems to me, dear friend, as if your generation lived in furnished apartments on this our good Lord's earth: the moment the income of any of you increases, you change your lodging. Yourself, for example, who are one of the most reasonable: yesterday your dwelling was all that you could wish, to-day you cannot stir your elbows. One would almost imagine that prosperity was a complaint of a dropsical nature, for where formerly you were quite at your ease, you can now no longer turn."

And then my wife, Marcelle, in her turn, tried to justify the proposed change. She proved to her aunt that our circumstances had altered; that the children, as they grew up, required more accommodation; that my greater amount of business created fresh obligations: but all would be rectified by moving; and that once done, we should not want to change again for our whole lives.

My father, who had taken no share in the discussion, now interrupted her, saying, with a smile,

"You are mistaken, dear girl, in fancying such a thing, for each place has its own peculiar atmosphere, which cannot be transported. Whoever takes up new habits and acquaintances, becomes himself transformed."

In spite of all that these experienced friends could say, we decided to move; and soon hired a new and elegant house, in a more fashionable quarter. But, when we were established in this abode, we were astonished to see how dingy the furniture looked. Even aunt Roubert was shocked.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "your furniture spoils all; it's like a rag hanging from a gilded balcony. My dear friends, if you have the least feeling for the beautiful, you will forthwith send all your movables through the window."

Without precisely following this advice, we saw plainly that we must make some alteration; and after consulting our cash-box, we decided upon selling our present furniture.

The sale of the old stock did not produce very much; while, on the other hand, the purchase of that which was to replace it cost a great deal; for Marcelle displayed, in every article she

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chose, the excellent taste which she was well-known to possess. Commenting, in her own way, upon Plato's maxim, *the beautiful is the reflection of the good*, she chose all the most elegant and recherche articles she could find. I was a little startled at the bills presented to me, but she proved that good things were never dear, and made me in fact clearly comprehend how perfectly ruinous economy was!

For the rest, our house was charming; the few pieces of our former furniture that we had retained, were either arranged in the shadiest corners, or hidden behind their more brilliant successors; and everywhere damask, velvet, muslin, and silken cords and tassels met the eye! Marcelle glided through it all with the ready graceful ease which woman so soon know how to assume in the midst of luxury. One would have thought, on seeing her, that she had never done aught than rustle in silk, and that her dainty foot had never pressed other than Aubusson carpets.

For myself—I felt singularly embarrassed at the imposing splendor which glittered around me, and by the various directions and prohibitions published by the presiding genius of the palace. It was forbidden to put one's feet upon the rails of the chairs, to lay our hat upon the satin-wood table, to leave a book upon the velvet couch, or to sit down on the causeuse, the springs of which were too weak to bear my manly weight, or even to touch the cords of the curtains, of which I was assured, I, in my reveries, unravelled the tassels. Forbidden this—forbidden that—forbidden the other—I read the word prohibition upon the walls, the furniture, my head, and my feet! Ah, how I regretted my old worn leathern arm-chair, from which, in my hours of meditation, I could leisurely, and without fear of rebuke, extract the horse-hair through some gaping rent! How I sighed, as I thought of my little deal table, that I freely dug and notched with my pen-knife, when my rebellious thoughts refused to arrange themselves, or answer me! However, I became at last accustomed to these embarrassing luxuries. If I lost somewhat in independence, the eye at least was pleased, as it rested on those charming sumptuosities. The change is very gradual; nevertheless, certain it is, that a kind of mental intoxication takes possession of those surrounded by luxury; one becomes proud of, enjoys being in the midst of, so much velvet and gilt-headed nails, and ends by having a much better opinion of himself, and thinking *rather* worse of others.

Of course, this does not take place all at once, but gradually, and by imperceptible doses. Vanity resembles the fatal miasmas, whose poison we inhale under a sky as blue as the sapphire, and in a breeze seemingly laden only with perfume.

Our fashionable neighbors called on us, and gradually we fell into their expensive and showy habits. I bought a calash for Marcelle, in addition to my cabriolet. Our children, from constantly mixing with theirs, were obliged to adopt the same expensive costume; and our table, to which it became necessary to invite them occasionally, grew every day more costly. Thus, though my income increased annually, I never grew any richer.

Aunt Roubert often reminded us, that he who does not save is always poor, for he is ever at the mercy of the future; and she never visited us without making some reference or other to the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. We perfectly agreed with her as to the truth of all she said, but we allowed the means of reformation to slip by.

At last, however, we became seriously alarmed at the increasing amount of our expenses, and calling a family counsel, we began to discuss the budget; Marcelle, as minister of finance, brought forward all her accounts, and submitted them to our examination.

The first item which struck us as large, was the rent; and aunt Roubert repeated all her former objections to our present residence, to which Marcelle replied with the doctrine of a *thing once done cannot be undone!* She acknowledged her fault, and did not defend its consequences; they were quite at liberty to condemn the past, provided the present was not touched upon.

Then came the calash and cabriolet, and I, in my turn, proved that the latter was indispensible, and that the former once bought was no longer much expense.

Next came the table; Marcelle observed that it was a business necessity to invite to dinner those to whom I was either the patron or the protege, as the dinner-table was often the only place where certain persons could meet, and certain matters be arranged; and according to her opinion these dinners ought properly to be included amongst business expenses.

Then we attacked the matter of dress; but here again we found our necks enclosed within the yoke of custom, and, willing slaves, we declared it to be impossible for us to dress differently from those with whom we associated, and that the elegant appearance of Clara and Leon, was dictated not by choice, but by stern necessity. Marcelle assured us that no one deplored more deeply than herself, the extremes to which

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modern fashions were now carried; that though her daughter did wear silks, it was contrary to what, if she were able, she should choose; and that her son's velvet jacket was a sore trial to her. But then surely this was better than, by dressing otherwise, to make themselves remarkable, and she was very sure that the most certain way of making her children hate simplicity, was to render it a matter of humiliation to them.

We turned to the subject of servants, and I had no difficulty in proving that I required the services of the man-servant, and Marcelle as clearly showed that she could not possibly do with less than two maids. The sole diminution in our expenses that appeared feasible was a reduction in the wages we gave.

The principal items relating to the garden, journeys, interior improvements, evening parties, and correspondence, were all successively examined, and supported as indispensible; and my father came to the conclusian that it was with domestic as with state budgets, they were discussed merely to prove that there was nothing to alter in them; but Marcelle begged to differ with him on this point, and proposed several minor retrenchments.

First, that we should leave off subscribing to two journals, and for the present buy no more new books. We had, till now, employed workpeople of standing, whose terms it was impossible to dispute, but, thanks to competition, we might get our work done elsewhere for far less. Marcelle had already changed her laundress and seamstress, and would, therefore, have courage to continue this reform. Again, we had been at great expense for private masters for our children, and this might be lessened, by sending Clara and Leon to one of the fashionable morning schools. All these changes would produce a considerable diminution in our expenditure, and would lead to many others it was impossible to enumerate.

Aunt Roubert had listened in silence to all this as she sat at her knitting, and at the conclusion said, with an emphatic shrug of her shoulders,

"You'll not save a hundred crowns with all these reforms; take my word for it."

Marcelle loudly declared it would be more.

"Well," replied her aunt, "we will say a thousand francs, if you like; what a handsome portion that will make for your daughter, and how greatly it will assist in putting your son forward in the world!"

"Without taking into account," added my father, seriously, "that you, who cannot dispense with one of the many superfluities of your table, are determining to deprive your mind of its daily bread. You must have the same amount of luxury to which you have accustomed yourselves, but you mean to exact it at a lower price from those who earn their subsistence by supplying you with it. In fact, you find it easier to economize upon the instructors of your children than upon your horses and carriage!"

Marcelle changed countenance, and would have attempted to defend herself, but my father took her hand, saying, as he kissed her forehead,

"Nay, dear daughter, do not seek excuses; you did not properly reflect: it was, I know no lack of kindness which made you think of such arrangements; but, alas, how many there are who practise what you propose! Down from the great lady, who, during Lent, dines herself as usual, but makes the rest of her household fast as a penance for their and her own sins; what numbers there are who would willingly profit by reforms, so long as they themselves are not affected by them! This is one of the consequences of a too highly-flavored prosperity; it deadens to a certain degree our sense of justice, enervates us, and we become gradually accustomed to leave the burden to be borne by others, and are ourselves constantly adding to it, whilst taking no share in the toil. Believe me, dear children, better not attempt to economize at all, than do so upon the hardly earned wages of the laborer."

We did indeed find that the only way was really to make a firm stand against the expensive habits we had allowed to grow up among us. For the rest, the money spent was not the only evil; the loss of liberty, time, and health, weighed far more heavily upon me. The visits we were obliged to make and receive, left us not a moment to ourselves: we had to renounce our family meetings, and my father and aunt Roubert only saw us now at rare intervals.

I began to feel we were becoming unfitted for this social intercourse. In neglecting our duties to satisfy the world, all that we accorded to our acquaintances were so many deprivations to our friends.

Things at last came to a crisis. We resolved to break up our establishment, and return to our old mode of life. We sold the calash, abandoned our dinner parties, and gave no more balls. In a word, we left the circles of what is called "fashionable society."

And we are all the happier for it. At first, indeed, life seemed dull, for we missed the excitement; but gradually a healthy state of feeling returned; and now there is nothing Marcelle and I so much enjoy as a quiet, domestic evening. Aunt and father have found their way back to

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our fireside; and the children are no longer strangers to us, as they were when we were more fashionable.

My savings now amount to a considerable sum, and I have the consciousness, that when I die, my children will not be penniless.

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EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.
BY SARAH HAMILTON.
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EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

September, Sunday Eve.—I have attended church all day. Mr. S——, the new minister, officiated—somehow I did not like his appearance at all—his face reminded me of a piece of carved slate-stone, so expressionless. His words were well selected, but they seemed emanations of the head, rather than heart language. He spoke so coolly of poor sinners doomed throughout all Eternity to endless torment, as if their misery were to enhance his own future happiness. The wicked thoughts began to come thick and fast, when my eye caught a glimpse of white arms—a little golden-headed child had climbed into her mother's lap, and was begging for a kiss in rather a loud whisper. I forgot sermon and all in this sweet picture of childish confidence and parental love. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We must become the trusting child, believing in the loving kindness of the All-Good. I came home better than I went—but a babe taught me—and I am still feeling I have a Father in heaven, whose love far exceeds that of any earthly parent who watches over me, for "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Blessed promise! I sometimes think I would like to be a preacher of the gospel myself. It must be such a joy to whisper sweet words of comfort to the suffering and sin-stained, to reclaim one erring soul and give it healthy life, faith in God's mysterious ways. But how many there are teachers of holy things that hide the light in darkness—obscure its piercing rays in terror, and frighten the wanderer to the gloomy shades of despair. God bless the faithful! and remove the mental defects of others, that they may see clearly to lead the blind and earth dazzled along that straight and narrow path that ends in peace, perfect peace.

Monday.—This morning was very bright, very beautiful, I do not know when my heart has felt so light, so buoyant as it did on my way to school; everything seemed uttering a song of thanksgiving—blessing God for existence. We had a number of new scholars, among whom was George Ellis, friend Katy's brother. He came in with Joseph Edwards—very careless, very indifferent in appearance—leaned one arm on the desk and took a survey of us all—such a stare! I heard him inquire for Sarah H——, and saw the look of disappointment that crossed his face as I was pointed out—and so he likes beauty. Well, homely folks have a right to—*I* do—but *mind*, loveliness of mind, let *that* come first. I was prepared to give him, as the brother of my friend, a cordial greeting—but that look. We were introduced, and I was cool, so cool—what would Katy have said? He is not handsome, but there is a certain nameless something about him that pleases my fancy. He is slight, not tall, though I do not think I could guess just how many feet and inches he would measure. His hair is coarse, of a rich, peculiar shade of brown; features prominent, stamped with character; mouth large, which when thinking earnestly, he has a disagreeable way of keeping open, as if he meant to swallow one; complexion fair—far too fair for a man, the color coming and going like the bloom on a maiden's cheek. The only redeeming thing from positive plainness are his eyes, those are beautiful; and when I use the hackneyed word beautiful, I intend to express *all* that can be said in praise of eyes. There is a depth, a fathomless meaning in them I never met before—it seems as if he read at a glance your whole soul. I quite forgot the dislike which I at first looked upon him, and fell to worshipping the *eyes*, not—George Ellis. We have another new comer that interests me exceedingly. She came in leaning on the arm of Anna Morris—a pale, quiet-looking girl, with soft hazel eyes and rich falling ringlets. I knew at the first glance she was suffering from some cause—what could it be? One glance of rude scrutiny—I feel now it must have been rude, but I did not intend it, explained the mystery—one foot was distorted, turned entirely round, and she, that poor, sensitive girl, was feeling in all its bitterness, the misery attendant upon her misfortune. She entered her seat, pale and trembling, as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and, turning to her books, was soon apparently lost in their contents. Poor Lucy—Lucy Gray, that is her name—she does not, cannot know how I long to take her to my heart—to love, to comfort, to make her forget this one dark shadow of her life—oh, if we could only know why these things are allowed. I suppose

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'tis right; at least, I have always been taught to believe that all things are ordered for our good, that God never afflicts his children willingly—but there is such a rising up in my heart sometimes, such unreconciliation, that I tremble lest every earthly blessing should be wrested from me for my wickedness; oh, to see and feel the truth, this is the one earnest prayer of my life. Father! teach me the way lest I stray.

September 20th.—Evening again, calm, quiet evening. Eleven o'clock, all in the house are sleeping, and I am so wakeful that I care not for this "tired nature's sweet restorer." I have just finished my Latin exercise. This morning my lesson was a little deficient. George Ellis sits back of the recitation seat I occupy. Seeing my confusion, he pencilled a few lines on a slip of paper, giving me the requisite ideas; but I was vexed with him, with myself, too, and would not be grateful for this intended kindness—so I told Mr. A——, our teacher, bluntly, and a little cross too, I believe, that I knew nothing about it, for which I received quite a severe reprimand; no matter, I deserved it. I do not like to have Mr. A—— think me not amiable. I do not like his calm, searching glance, and then I imagine he can know nothing about all these phases of feeling, that trouble poor mortals like me—he is so proper himself, so Mount Blancish, if I could only do something bad enough, for just once, to get his face in a wrinkle, or his step a little quicker; but no, he looks at you with such a look, as much as to say, poor, weak child, and then comes the cutting sarcasm. I don't hate him, because 'tis wicked, and I wouldn't hate any one; but I don't like him, that's all. I had just finished my tea, and was passing through the front entry, when rap, rap, rap at the door, so I smoothed down my *new, black silk apron*, pushed back my hair, and obeyed the summons. Mr. George Ellis—he had brought me a letter from Katy. Wasn't I, Miss Sarah, straight and dignified for the first half-hour? But, somehow, I seemed to forget it all at once, in the flow of his genial conversation—so like his sister. We, Katy and I, never got acquainted; we were friends from the very first—ours was a soul union—the same elements existed in both, but she was what I dared not be—and he is Katy's brother. I saw nothing *of that look* to-night. I think he must have forgotten, as I did, how very plain this face of mine is. Oh, if I could always forget—heaven forgive me, if I murmur—but I do so long for beauty. My dreams are full of it—waking or sleeping. Why should it be denied me? Would it make me vain, proud? Oh, no! I would be thankful, grateful. I would bless God, every day of my life, for the gift. I would love everybody—everything. My whole heart should be one joyful prayer of thanksgiving—*beauty! beauty!* After Mr. Ellis left, I had a fine time reading Katy's missive, her letters are always a real treat to me—they seem so like her own dear self—nothing is foreign or made up about them, but her true, real sentiments are expressed in the readiest language at command. She commences in her usual queer style, "Now, dear Sa', you know I can't cover this big sheet all over with sweet bars of music, and a whole vocabulary of pretty words. I can't be a nightingale. The parrot is more in keeping with my character, and suits me better, so let me write as often as I please, pretty Sa, sweet Sa, dear Sa. There, that will be the amount of my whole letter—or if you don't like to *parrotize* me, just let me be one of those great black crows that go screaming about your woods, and I will caw for you as long and as often as you please—they are great favorites of yours, I believe." Ah, friend Katy, you don't know how much music there is shut up in that glad heart of thine. What a blue sky you are to all of your friends. Speaking of her brother, she says, "I have written him not to hire any little short jacketed, dirty-nosed, copper loving urchin to hand you this letter, but to do it himself—and, if you did not repay him as you would said urchin, with a nice thick slice of bread and butter, he will be sure to receive what is of far more value, *one of your smiles.* I verily believe to spite me you are determined not to get acquainted: well I will have my revenge, so take warning." If she had been here to-night what would she have said?—but my pen must rest, and I will away to greet the spirits of Nod land. I wonder what sort of images will teem through this brain of mine to-night—not very ghostly ones, I imagine.

September 25th.—A warm, summery afternoon, have just returned home—after making a number of calls—ran into widow White's a moment, found her engaged with a queer-looking body in earnest conversation—should think she might be about forty years of age—her complexion resembled a withered carrot, eyes small, of a faded blue; her teeth were very long, very black and uneven; her hair stripes of black and grey intermingled. She was arrayed in a variety of extra fixings, capes and fancy kerchiefs, one ranged just below the other; in one hand she carried a piece of coarse cotton cloth, about three-fourths of a yard square, which she was continually plying to her red nose, which appeared to be worn quite to a point, owing to

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continual friction, I suppose. "I say, Widder Wite," she went on to say, taking no sort of notice of me, as Mrs. White beckoned me to a seat by her side, "I say, do you have any spirits here?" I started—what can she know of the supernal visitors, I muttered. "Cause," said she, "I could have got some stuff at Esq. ——'s; but that's alcohol as what he sells, and I wants the genuine article; besides, they say, of course I don't know, but *they do say it*—somebody, that knowed all about it, told brother John's wife so—that *they do*, they puts water in. You know father never takes a drop, but he fell down this morning and hurt his hip pretty bad, and he thought as how it might do some good." Mrs. White informed her she had none. "Well, said she, rising, "I suppose, then, I might as well be going. I have got to get some new things up at that are new store; I'm so glad old Danner has sold out. I did hate *mortally* to trade with him, he was so stuck up. Now, this new trader, he jokes and talks jest like any common folks—jest as sociable with me—but good afternoon—I'd and all of our folks would be terrible glad to see you most any time. Come over now, won't you?" Had a good, long talk with Mrs. White. I do love to converse with her, she seems to know just how you are feeling, and what you would say before you find words to syllable your thoughts—she expresses herself so clearly upon all subjects—always cheerful—it seems strange how one so acquainted with grief can teach themselves such perfect control—the art of smiling. Husband, children, all gone; grass-plumes have nodded over their graves this many a year; and she, who in early life, found herself stripped of her heart's sweetest blossoms, toils on with patient endurance, looking forward to that blessed day when earth-parted ones shall meet in that home where cometh no separations; that heaven that dreams may not picture. I met Lucy Gray on my return; we took a short stroll by the river's side. I never saw her so cheerful, so happy, so forgetful of her misfortune. The landscape was very beautiful; as we came to an abrupt turn of the river, wooded hills, cultivated fields, white farm-houses, all seemed to lend a peculiar charm to the picture. I looked at her, to see what the effect would be. "How do you like it?" said I, after a few minutes survey. "Sarah, I can't tell you—I can't describe the effect that such beauty always has upon me. It makes me dumb—it carries me out of myself—I can't find words suitable to express my thoughts; but I feel—oh, I feel this world is beautiful, in 'darkness e'en and night;' and He who made it, how glorious must He be. I wonder if heaven is fairer than all this?" We seated ourselves on a fallen hemlock, covered with the shaggy locks of age, and I listened—for Lucy, diffident, retiring Lucy Gray is the most fascinating person in conversation I ever met with—her whole face talks. All at once she hesitated. I looked up. George Ellis, with his friend, Joseph Edwards, was approaching us. George carried on his arm a basket, while the long fishing-rods swung over Joe's shoulder told what had been the last hour's occupation—sport to them, but death to the little, crimson-spotted trout that was to make the next morning's delicious meal. After a long discussion with said gentlemen, as to whether or no it were right to rob either fish, bird or beast of existence, unless to satisfy our necessary wants, we started for our homes. Joe succeeded in making Lucy talk, even laugh heartily at his witticisms. One must be well acquainted with Joseph Edwards to imagine, careless and rattle-headed as he generally appears, that he can be capable of feeling deeply or long at a time; but there are waters, bright waters, clear, pure waters stealing beneath all this outward show of froth. He has the magic power of making those about him pleased with themselves, consequently with every one else. This is a talent but very few possess—the very essence of politeness.

October 10th.—There are traits in George Ellis' character that I do not like; but the faults, if they may be thus designated, are of the head rather than the heart. He has not enough firmness—his ideas of right and wrong are most clearly defined, but he fails to express them sometimes when called upon, if he happens to differ from others, for fear of giving offence, or not standing quite so high in their opinion. This should not be. He should be bold, fearless in advocating the truth; the most sensitive of us like it better than any subterfuge or attempt at concealment. The "I don't know" phrase, in common use, either denotes indifference, weak-mindedness, or shows that one wishes to remain non-committal. I do not advocate bluntness, frankness of speech should never degenerate into it; but I do think, upon some subjects, we should express our real sentiments when called upon. Silence may sometimes be interpreted, and rightly, too, as assent in bitter scandal itself. This of course depends upon circumstances. I see in George Ellis a desire to please all. This he cannot do and be true to himself. His words and actions too often carry the mark of deceit upon them—perhaps the word deceit is too harsh. Never met I a person who hated in reality hypocrisy more than he. He is a seeming contradiction—truthful in feeling, oftentimes

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deceitful in action. This, by the world, is called policy—a word to be detested—embodying an idea I have no friendship for. He has tried, using much eloquent language, to convince me it was right, necessary; but I am no proselyte as yet. He says that every one has not such nice perceptions of right and wrong—most of people have a conscience that will bear stretching.

October 30th.—G—— called last night for me to walk. He was very social, very kind, very attentive. He possesses a good heart, can feel for other's cares and perplexities. Gathered me a small bouquet of late autumn flowers. I have put them in my big dictionary, to press, as a remembrancer of the giver. I think he loves to gaze upon their delicately tinted leaves almost as well as I do—not quite—he has not such a passion for them. They would not talk to him as they do to me; but he is a man, flowers are nearer of kin to woman, more like her, fragile and delicate, and yet how sweetly and gracefully they bend to the sweeping storm; but when the storm-cloud passes, how brightly the rain-drops reflect the sunshine. So with woman. She may bow her head when adversity overtakes her, but her smiles lighten up her tears, and she becomes what heaven designed her, the last best work of creation. G—— was very talkative on our way home—told me what he wished, what he intended to do, to repay the kindness of his parents, of Katy, of his brother—his dreams are full of ambition, nor is it strange—he has tact, talent, what may he not do? He has been reading to me this evening—his voice is rich, full of pathos. He does not repeat a long string of words, leaving no impress on the mind, he gives you the ideas in all their beauty, as well as the outside garb, and the spirit of those ideas, clad in language, sinks into your soul, never to be forgotten.

November 12th.—Examination close at hand. All the old, grey-headed men, the lawyers and doctors—all the smart misses that have finished their education, will then pay us a visit—a visit of criticism—a visit we shall jot down in our life-book as one to be remembered. Mr. A—— wishes me to read quite a lengthy extract from Shakspeare—'pears as though I should shake a good deal; I haven't the confidence, and never can read well, with a whole room-full gazing at me—their eyes blind, shake, weaken me—and this, Mr. A—— says, is foolish, silly. I know it, too, but how can it be remedied? Then I have a composition to prepare, and am in doubt regarding my subject; lessons to review—oh, dear! Well, school-life must have its clouds, I suppose; but it has been so bright—the few past weeks, I never studied with a better zest—even my dull, hated algebra has worn a peculiar look of gladness. Good courage, faint heart, your owner may yet be a scholar—who knows? A tap at my door—out of sight, journal—away.

Evening.—Lucy is sick, very sick—I have just left her. She has been growing thin and pale for some time, and now she cannot leave her room—coughs incessantly. Oh, kind heaven, spare her a little longer; we cannot lose her now, she has become so dear to us all—she has given us sweet, sweet lessons of patience and fortitude. She seemed very glad to see me; wished me to read to her from her own little Bible, the gift of her dying mother—says my reading pleases her—I speak so low, it does not jar. I was there but a few moments when Joseph Edwards called. Oh, who would have known you, Joe, boisterous, laughter-loving Joe? How quietly you entered that sick-room; how noiselessly your foot pressed the yielding carpet; how softly you took that little, pale hand in your own broad palm; how subdued were the tones of your voice. Oh, sickness! what a softener to the heart ye are—how we tremble and shrink back, frail and weak, as the angel of death darkens our path. He brought her a bouquet of tea-roses and geranium leaves, taken from his sister's plants—made a few friendly inquiries—brought a few sunshiny smiles to the sick girl's face, and left, promising to come again the next day, and bring his sister. They have sent for Mr. G——; he is expected in the morning. How will that poor, grey-headed father bear this stroke?—to see his darling lay there so helpless. Poor father! poor father! She is his all—in her rests all his hope of happiness here. She is all the heart's sunshine left him. Oh, how dark if she should be taken from his love.

November 13th.—George has just been in—tells me Lucy is no better—her father has come, is nearly distracted, but tries to appear calm before his daughter. She has inquired for me, wishes me to come before school, if perfectly convenient—dear Lucy, so thoughtful even now—our school has but little charm for any of us—we are very still, very quiet there. Mr. A—— finds no fault with us even when he speaks twice, and we give no heed, he looks very sad. I never saw a person change as he has for the past few days. It cannot be, and yet there are many things to favor such an idea, that he has a deeper, a fuller affection for his pupil than any of us have dreamed of There is certainly something in his appearance singular—a sorrow that vents not itself in words.

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November 18*th*.—Lucy has told me all—her affection for Mr. A——, his love for her—and now when earth is wearing such beauteous hues, she is listening to those summons which none may disobey. At first her heart had rebelled—but now she can clasp her hands, look up and say, "Father, Thy will, not mine." "Oh, Sarah," said she, "'tis so hard to become wholly reconciled to life's changes. We may know and realize that the great Source of all good orders all things right—yet 'tis a hard lesson to discipline the mind to bow meekly, humbly before that power—to say from the innermost depths of the heart, 'Thy will'—to see all of our earthly hopes frustrated, all its sweet buds nipped in their opening by the frost touch of death—but, thank heaven, as that change draweth near, angels fling open the portals leading to that brighter world, and give our poor worldly eyes glimpses of that hereafter awaiting us. Sarah, I had a beautiful vision last night, as I slept I thought my mother came to me, how beautiful she was, how sweetly she smiled upon me—then heaven seemed to open, and a great multitude stood before me clad in snowy raiment—and one, a fair boy, wearing the look of an infant brother long since passed away, beckoned to me and my mother, stooped low and whispered, 'Go.' Then it seemed as if a weight fell from me—my soul was free, free to soar earth-shackled no longer—oh, the joy of that freedom—how can I describe it to you? Such a feeling of bliss, perfect bliss. I paused to take one look at the loved ones, and the angel boy pointed upward, and said, 'Yonder is our home, they will come soon, very soon, you will be here to welcome them.' Then a strain of rich melody floated about us, oh, so different from any earthly music—I was too happy—I awoke to find it all a dream, but a dream full of meaning—it has accomplished its purpose. I am willing to go—how beautiful is life—how beautiful death that ushers us to a higher existence. Thank God that all the dark doubts and gloomy forebodings that have ever clustered about the tomb are dispelled. I can lie me down and sleep, for I know the waking—don't think of this poor human casket. Sarah, mouldering in the grave, when you remember me, think of me as a beautiful spirituality, hovering above, watching and waiting for you to join me. If Alfred—Mr A—— would only be reconciled to this—talk with him when I am gone—he will shut this great grief up in his heart—it will kill him if he cannot speak of it—canker the threads of life to breaking—you are the only one that knows of the relation existing between us, except my father. He will listen to you more readily than to him, a woman knows better how to speak her sympathy. She can touch the lacerated chords of a wounded heart with her sweet words of consolation, and add no pain, there is healing in her hopeful language. Mr. A—— will listen to you as he will to no one else, remember this. Good-bye, darling, he will soon be here, and I have much to say to him. I must rest."

November 20*th*.—Lucy is better, and they are making preparations to take her home. She wishes to go, and her father is anxious to have her once more beneath the old home-roof. She cannot live long; but Dr. G—— says she will not be likely to suffer much; how much we shall miss her. I cannot write to-day.

November 24*th*.—Gone! all gone, what a chill the word strikes to my heart—gone! Lucy and all. It seems like a dream—my books are on the table before me. I am looking across the fields, bare and gloomy they seem to our dear old academy, its doors closed, the clear-toned bell that has called us together morning after morning mute, apparently tongueless. No lessons to learn, but I forget there is *one*, a lesson we must all learn—a lesson that teaches us every enjoyment must end—that shadows will fall where the light has been the brightest. I am feeling sad, very sad, and why? He promised to write often, very often—wished me to remember him as I did no other—called me his good genius—was there need of saying more? words are nothing. But somehow I am feeling strangely disturbed, tired, worn-out with the toil of the past few days, that is all. I must give widow White a call, she always has a remedy for low spirits. I will interest myself in others—ignore my own feelings if they are to be of this hue. A walk this cool morning will do me good—I know I can *run it off*.

March 1*st*.—No letters from G——, what can it mean? Almost a month since I have heard from him; but here comes father from the post-office, perhaps he has one—yes, but not in G——'s handwriting—'tis from Katy, and will tell of his welfare. We will read—

"SWEET, DEAR SARAH—I am so happy, so miserable, one minute I think earth has not a single sunbeam, and the next, everything lightens up so beautifully—but I must tell you, try to explain this state of feeling, in the first place then, you must know Jo has been here—*Mr. Edwards*, I suppose, I ought to say—but I won't, for I mean *my own good Jo*—oh, dear! how my cheeks burn—but I have not told you yet how that he was mine, all mine, nor when, nor how it all happened. But have patience, you shall hear all about it one of these days, if I fail to get it in this letter—for it is a long story, and ends with

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a promise to take the responsibility of keeping Jo's coat-sleeves in repair, his stockings in heals, and himself in good-humor, the latter item, you know, will be a very difficult task. When all this will happen I can't just tell, but you shall be warned in season to prepare yourself for bridesmaid, recollect. Now comes the big weight that has almost squeezed all the joy out of my heart. G—— is at home, and with him a little luminary I thoroughly despise. She is to be his wife—he met her somewhere South—her father is rich—she fell in love, it seems, with my talented brother—you know he is talented—and somehow they are engaged, and that is all I know about it, it has made almost hate him, my brother, whom I loved as sisters seldom love. This morning he came into my room, took me in his lap, called me his dear little Katy, the first time he has appeared like himself since he came home. We had a long talk about old times—at last I mustered courage to mention your name, oh, Sarah, I wish you could have seen him, he loves you, but *loves*, shall I say it, *money, station more*, and so all my cherished dreams are ended. You could have moulded his character, made him an honor to himself, a blessing to society—but she, that bunch of gauze and lace, what will be her influence? I cannot, I will not be reconciled to it. I will be as freezing, when in her presence, as a winter's day in December—but why blame her? My mother is—but I won't write any more now. I shall be with you soon, next week, I think. Good-bye, Sarah, dear Sarah."

A "broken dream," sure enough—and so he, the idol that I so foolishly, it must have been foolishly, set up in my heart, is false, false to me, false to himself—why should I not have known it?—why should I have been thus blind? But there was so much there worthy my best affections, I forgot the evil in worshipping the good. And now all that remains for me to do is to school myself into a different state of feeling, if that be possible, and it *must* be, for I have pride, pride that would make George Ellis blush beside it. I will not even do myself the comfort of writing my thoughts, so farewell journal. I open not your leaves again, until I can feel all is well here in this silly little fluttering heart: won't I teach it strength?

Three years have passed since I commenced writing in this book: how many changes have taken place in that short space? We have been absent for two years, and have now come back once more to visit our old home, how beautiful everything looks. 'Tis a lovely day in June, June air, June sunshine, and June flowers are among earth's sweetest things. Nature is now decked in holiday attire, her green is fresh and luxuriant, unstained by dust, unshrunken by summer's sultry heat. We have just taken a long walk amongst the hills and vallies of this pleasant town of P——, how prettily cluster the little white cottages of our village; the one tall church spire pointing to heaven, as if invoking its blessings to descend upon the place. Beside our old home stands another cottage apparently new: it looks so bright, so cool there, the green lawn in front so refreshing, the soft muslin of the windows catching up the moving breeze sways backward and forward, revealing to our gaze glimpses of the little parlor, that little parlor! I wonder if we can describe it, the pretty colors of the carpet, the golden-winged canarys swinging and screaming at the south window, above a flower-stand crowned with blossoms of all hues, whose gay leaves are drinking up the early sunshine: the full library of books, the pictures, the simple, tasteful furniture: but no matter now we haven't time, for here comes the proprietor, Mr. Arden himself, with an invitation to us to visit the old school-room. There are *two* chairs in the desk instead of one, and *she*, who takes one of them, is *Sarah Hamilton*, now *Mrs. Arden*—dear Lucy's prophecy is fulfilled, he listens to her now as he listens to no other. George Ellis is remembered only as the hero of a school girl's fancy.

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THE "DANDY FROM BOSTON."
BY JAMES H. DANA.
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THE "DANDY FROM BOSTON."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

At sixteen, Kate Stanley was the belle of Leicester. She was beautiful as a rose-bud, merry as a Virginia reel, and witty as Sheridan.

"So this young dandy from Boston," she said, "boasts that he can have any of us country girls whenever he pleases."

"He has but to throw his handkerchief, Ned tell me he says," answered her cousin, "and the favored one will be his slave thankfully."

Ned Dudley, Jeanie's betrothed husband, knew all the young men of the village, as well as every visitor of note, and was in a way, therefore, to hear everything that passed. There could be no doubt consequently of the aspersion.

"We shall see," replied Kate, with a toss of the head. "I never have flirted yet, but I'll do it now, if it's possible. This puppy needs a lesson. Does he think we're Circassian girls, put up at auction, while he sits smoking, half asleep, like a Turk, and bidding off the prettiest?"

Kate had never been so angry in her life. Her whole sex had been insulted, and she determined to avenge them.

In a little while, Harry Nelson, the "dandy from Boston," became a declared admirer of Kate. He was at her father's nearly every evening, sent her bouquets almost daily, and was constantly seen escorting her through the streets. Every Sunday, he either came to her church to service, or was waiting at the door when she went out. She was his partner at all the pic-nics of the season. Everybody said that the couple were engaged.

But Kate kept her own counsel. If she persisted in her original intention, she was playing her cards so adroitly, that she seemed, even to her closest friends, to be really in earnest. When Harry was by she had eyes for no one else. She always managed that he should find her disengaged for the first dance at every party. She sang her best songs for him, dressed in his colors, and even admired his favorite authors, though they happened to be those she had formerly detested most.

Harry piqued himself on many things. In his own eyes nobody dressed with such taste as himself, nobody danced as gracefully, nobody used such elegant language in conversation. But he prided himself especially on his guitar playing. The highest compliment he could pay a lady, in his own estimation, was to serenade her, not, as too many do, through hired musicians, but with his own voice and instrument: and this compliment he resolved to pay Kate.

That night Jeanie was rooming with her cousin. The young men of the town, it was known, were to be out serenading: but as Ned Dudley had gone to Boston, and Jeanie knew there would be no music under her own window, she had come to Kate's. It was a bright moonlight evening, and as the serenaders were heard singing, long before they reached Mr. Stanley's, the girls peeped out between the curtains to see if Harry was of the party.

"There he is, sure enough," said Kate, "and with his guitar. Now listen, cousin mine."

Directly footsteps were heard beneath the casement, there was a suppressed murmur of voices, and then deep silence, followed by the "thrum, thrum," of a guitar. In a moment more, Harry began to sing, "Wake, lady, wake."

"He looks excessively sentimental," whispered Kate, peeping out from her shelter. "No doubt he thinks he's a Spanish cavalier." And the merriment being infectious, Jeanie laughed with her, till they could scarcely keep from being overheard.

The first verse was finished. Harry, turning up his eyes romantically, had begun the second, "Wake, lady, wake," accompanying it with the monotonous "thrum, thrum, thrum," when Kate cried, loud enough for all the serenaders to hear, and in a voice almost choking with merriment,

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"Goodness gracious, does the man think I'm deaf? I'm as wide awake as I can be."

A suppressed titter, followed by an unrestrained laugh, passed around the circle of serenaders. Harry's song ceased suddenly, and Kate thought she heard him give utterance, between his teeth, to something like an imprecation. A moment after, the party broke up, the young men moving off amid shouts of merriment at the crest-fallen guitar player.

The next day the story was all over the village. The day after Harry left Leicester forever, unable to endure being the common butt, and vowing vengeance against Kate, as an incorrigible flirt.

But from that day to this Kate has given no cause for such a name. She never flirted but the once, and that was to avenge her sex; and we are sure we have not the heart to blame her for it.

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